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FLYING HOURS.

BY C. C.

Fly, Hours, oh, fly, and wing your way
Through silent night and busy day!
Haste ye, oh, haste your lolt'ring feet,
And, oh, speed on the hour we meet,
My love and I!

Cold, cold and gray are morning's beams:
Sunshine to me no sunshine seems;
Drear is my day, and dark my sky,
Wanting what still ye do deny—
Fly, Hours, oh, fly!

Fly now, but then your speed delay
When dawns our Love's long-looked for day;
Or do your will, since Love so pure
Shall conquer Time, and still endure
Eternally.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

THE GIRL DREW HER HAND FROM HIS GRASP.

CHAPTER III.

LORD NORMAN ran along the garden paths and across the lawns towards the principal entrance to the great house. The sun was shining full upon the long-stretching facade of old red stone, and causing the innumerable windows to glitter like so many huge diamonds. The palace was palatial in its size and architecture, and a wide terrace stretched along the whole length of the building, against which gleamed at intervals superbly executed marble statuary.

A broad flight of white stone steps lead to the terrace, flanked on either side by a life-size leopard—the crest of the Chesneys. These heraldic monsters, crouched as if for the spring, seemed, with their half-opened mouths and startling eyes, as if they were waiting to pounce upon the lad; but they made no impression upon him, for he, boylike, even touched one on the nose as he ran lightly up the steps.

The hall door was open, and he passed in. It was a vast place, which would have been sombre but for the sunlight which streamed through the open door, and softened the oaken panels and antique furniture, and gleamed upon the breastplates of the men in armor, and the gilt frames of the big family portraits.

Lord Norman looked round in search of a servant to announce him, but there was none to be seen, and he stood smoothing his tumbled hair, uncertain what to do or where to go. He was half inclined to suspect that Silas Fletcher had invented the message just to get rid of him, and was thinking of running back to the Cottage Garden—Madge and "Robinson Crusoe"—when he heard voices proceeding from what he knew was the library, though he had not yet entered it.

He flung himself down on an outer seat near the door of the room, thinking that someone would be sure to come out of it presently, and idly began to examine an old cabinet of ancient arms which stood near him. It was a delightful cabinet full of the most charmingly blood-curdling weapons—swords with hacked edges, clumsy pistols such as Dick Turpin might have carried, sinister Malay creeses and deadly-looking daggers with jeweled handles—and he was so absorbed in these treasures that he had almost forgotten the earl and his message, when some words spoken by the earl's voice itself smote upon his ears, and forced him to listen, whether he would or not.

The earl's voice was never loud, but it was particularly clear—clear and hard, like the fall of a piece of metal on stone—and every word reached Lord Norman as distinctly as if he had been in the room itself.

"Fletcher," said the voice. "You are, as you always were, a coward. Oh, I do not blame you. You but follow the instincts, display the nature, of your class. One does not look for spirit, courage, in such as you. You cannot help it. But you waste your breath when you endeavor to infect me with your craven fears and timid apprehensions. Pshaw, man! do you think that I am likely to turn back now, after all these years? Do you think—you, who should know me if any man should—that I am likely to swerve from my purpose at the bidding of your croaking? If you do, you deceive yourself. Granted that what we have done, and what I have done—for I am more than content to take the whole responsibility—is a crime. What then?"

There was a pause, and another voice, which Lord Norman recognized as that of Fletcher, the steward, Silas's father, muttered something.

"Pshaw," retorted the earl, "that is an idle superstition. Crimes are always discovered. There is no adage so false as the one which always makes your white-livered class quake and tremble. 'Murder will out!' Murder very often will not out. There are scores of murders the perpetrators of which have never been discovered. They are not only not hung, but, in all probability, are leading respectable and extremely prosperous and comfortable lives."

"This was not murder," Lord Norman heard the steward falter.

"Exactly, and therefore all the less likely to be discovered," said the earl's metallic voice. "Who is to peach upon us? Who is to discover it? The secret is yours and mine. Only two——"

"You—you don't know that, my lord."

There was a pause, then the cold voice sounded again.

"You think she may have confided her story to someone before she died? I think not. I knew her better than you did, Mr. Fletcher. You and I are the only two who hold the history in our hands. Mine will not open and disclose it, and yours——"

There was a significant pause.

"You can trust me, my lord," came the steward's voice.

The earl laughed, an unmirthful contemptuous laugh. "I know that. You dare not not open your lips even if you wished to. You are a participating criminal—you see I do not shirk the word—you concurred in the plot which I conceived. I daresay, if justice overtook us—I think that is the kind of phrase in vogue—your punishment would be more severe than mine. I am a peer, you see, and they let us off easily; while you—well, you are—nothing, a nobody, and would probably go to penal servitude for as long a term as they could send you."

The steward muttered something hoarsely, and the earl laughed scornfully, contemptuously.

"Tut, man, you are out of sorts; your nerves are out of order. Why have you become so scrupulous all of a sudden? The boy is well enough. He will make a very fair earl. He is strong and handsome enough."

"He is wilful and headstrong," said the steward. "I can see that, my lord."

"All the Chesneys are and were," he said abruptly. "But headstrong as he is he will find me stronger; strong enough to map out his future for him. He shall not make the mistake I made. I have taken steps to prevent that already. I wrecked my life because I had no one to point out the shoals and rocks in the chart. I will take care that he does not follow my example. In half-an-hour I shall have set him upon the course I intend him to sail over, and I will take care he follows no other."

"You mean, my lord——," said the steward.

"I mean——. You shall see."

"My lord, take care!" murmured Fletcher.

"I can conjecture what you would do; but he is a lad as yet, a mere boy."

The earl broke in with a kind of cold ferocity.

"He is not too young to know my will, and learn that he has to bend to it," he said. "From him I will brook no disobedience. I made him, I can mar him."

Lord Norman had listened up to now in a kind of stupor. But at this point it came home to him that the lad they were talking of was himself; and being an honorable boy he sprang to his feet, and with a flushed face pushed open the door and entered the room.

The earl—tall, him, and gaunt, with shaggy brows over dark and piercing eyes—sat in an elbow chair by the table, on the other side of which stood Hiram Fletcher, the steward, his long, claw-like hands holding a sheaf of papers.

Fletcher started, and allowed a faint murmur of surprise and consternation to escape his thin lips as the lad entered; but the earl expressed no surprise by word or gesture, but frowned fiercely down at the boy's flushed, handsome face, and regarded him in silence.

It was Lord Norman who first spoke.

"You sent for me, sir," he said, raising his eyes steadily to the earl's.

"I did," was the response in the hard, metallic tones. "How long have you been here—in this house?"

Lord Norman reflected for a moment.

"I don't know how long. I was sitting outside in the hall."

Fletcher clutched his papers convulsively; but the earl did not move a muscle.

"Outside the room here? Then you have been eavesdropping—listening?" he said with icy contempt.

Lord Norman's face grew redder for a moment, then pale.

"No, I haven't," he said with a kind of indignation. "I couldn't help hearing what you said. The door was open—you spoke distinctly——"

Fletcher gave a kind of groan, and the earl glanced at him with haughty displeasure.

"It is of no consequence," he said coolly, after a moment or two of reflection; "but for the future remember that when you are listening to the conversation of persons who consider themselves alone it is your duty to acquaint them with your presence."

"I came in as soon as I knew—or thought—you were talking of me," said Lord Norman, his bright eyes meeting the earl's stern ones unflinchingly.

There was a spell of silence; then the earl said—

"You are right, we were talking of you." Then, without looking at the steward, he said, "You can go, Fletcher."

Fletcher straightened his bent back, gathered up some papers from the table, and with a singular glance at the lad left the room.

The earl leant his head upon his hand, and seemed as if he had forgotten the presence of the lad for a time then, with something like a sigh, he let his hand fall on the table, and raised his head.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen! At your age I was a man. But they manage things differently nowadays. But you are old enough to understand what I have to say to you. And, first, forget what you have heard just now; it was not intended for your ears; it does not concern you."

"I will try, sir," said Lord Norman, but with a certain hesitation.

"You had better," continued the earl, bringing his heavy brows down over his eyes, so that they looked like two fiery, oblong slits. Lord Norman looked at his stern, fierce face calmly, attentively, but without the least sign of fear.

"I sent for you," continued the earl, "because I wish to introduce you to the lady who will be your future wife."

Lord Norman's eyes expanded, and he stared first at the speaker and then round the room.

The earl smiled grimly, or rather, the sternness of his countenance relaxed slightly.

"You are surprised, I dare say," he said. "It is very likely that you had not thought of marriage." Lord Norman's face flushed as he thought of Madge and the bargain they had just made, but he said nothing. "You are young, even for sixteen, and your life has hitherto been that of a child, a school-boy. I can quite understand that what I have said should startle you; but I wish, I request"—the terrible voice grew sterner, harder, at the word, "that you will try and consider what I am going to say to you; try and realize that, for reasons best known to myself, your future life has been planned out for you. I said for reasons best known to myself. All those reasons I do not intend to tell you. You would not understand most of them. But this one you can understand. Look at me, Norman!"

There was no need for the command, seeing that the boy's frank, startled eyes had scarcely left the earl's face; but he, however, gave a slight nod, as if to indicate that he was obeying.

"Do I look a happy man?" demanded the earl.

Lord Norman felt that he ought in politeness to answer in the affirmative, but his innate honesty and something in the face before him compelled him to tell the truth.

"No, sir," he replied.

"You are right," said the earl gravely. "There is no more wretched man on the face of God's earth."

There was a pause, during which Lord Norman's eyes strayed, from the harsh face, round the room, with its carved panels of rosewood, its magnificent bookcases, its thick, silken hangings, the rare pictures and precious bric-a-brac, and then to the open window, through which the famous Chesney Park stretched away, as it seemed, into infinity.

The earl watched him, and, as if he were reading the boy's thoughts said—

"You find that difficult to believe. You are saying to yourself, 'He is an earl; this house, Chesney Chase, belongs to him. He is rich, has an army of servants, and a host of horses, and carriages to ride in—everything that money can buy; he can't be wretched and unhappy.' Is not that what you were thinking?"

Lord Norman nodded.

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the earl. "And yet, within your heart, as you look at me, you know that what I say is true—that all the money in the world, or the rank and honor, could not help me. Do you wish to know what it is that has robbed me of the power of enjoying all these good things, and has made me—what you see me? I will tell you. Norman—" he hesitated a second, and scanned the lad's face as if to learn whether he understood, then went on slowly, gravely—"when I was a young man, scarcely older than you, I made the one mistake in life which can never be repaired—I made a foolish marriage. I bartered my happiness for a foolish fancy. I thought myself in love, and only discovered my mistake when it was too late to break the chains that bound me. Are you following me? Do you understand?"

Over the boy's frank and open countenance a kind of cloud had gathered, a look of troubled perplexity, as if he were trying to understand and realize what all this meant.

"Yes, I think so," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes, I think you do," said the earl. "At any rate, you comprehend sufficiently to understand why I am anxious to guard you against a similar mistake. I want you to realize that you are not free to waste your life as I have done. Remember that you will be the next earl. All this"—he slightly waved a long, thin hand—"will be yours. All this and more than you can well imagine. You will be a great man if you do not ruin your life as I have ruined mine. And I am going to try and prevent that."

There was a pause. The earl looked not at, but through the boy. The boy stared with a slight frown of trouble and perplexity through the open window. Then the earl, as if awaking from a reverie, went on—

"In less than four years you will be twenty. I intend you to marry then, and the lady whom I have chosen for you. Keep that thought before you. You need say nothing about it to your schoolfellows and friends, but bear it in mind. Say to yourself, 'I am not free as other men are; I am pledged. My life is planned out for me by one who is much wiser than I am by one who has learnt, by bitter experience, the pitfalls into which a man may fall—the things which bring ruin and

misery.' I don't expect you to be grateful to me—there is no such thing as gratitude—but I expect you, young as you are, to understand that what I am doing is for your good, and yours mainly."

Lord Norman raised his eyes from the open window to the earl's stern face, and his lips opened, as if he were about to speak; but before he could utter a word, there came a knock at the door and a servant entered.

"Lady Delamoor, my lord," he announced in the hushed voice with which the servants of Cheaney Chase always addressed their master, the great earl.

CHAPTER IV.

THE earl rose from his chair somewhat slowly and stiffly, for the demon gout had got possession of him, and, as he stood upright, one could see that his height was over six feet.

"Wait here until I send for you," he said to Lord Norman. Then, after looking him over with his keen eagle glance, he added, "But you had better brush your hair and change your coat, for the lady of whom I spoke has arrived. When you are ready, return to this room, and I will send for you."

Lord Norman made no response, but still kept his eyes fixed on the stern face, and the earl went out of the room, crossed the hall, and entered the drawing-room, the door of which was opened for him by a couple of tall footmen in rich liveries, who inclined their heads as he passed them, as if they were in the presence of royalty.

The state drawing-room of the Chase was a magnificent apartment, decorated by Inigo Jones, and furnished with the choicest examples of Sheraton and Chippendale. There was an air of subdued splendor, of refined stateliness, which the owners of the most gorgeous of modern rooms sighed enviously over.

The tall windows, with their sentinels of graceful palms, opened on to the terrace, from whence was wafted the perfume of the flowers, filling the great room with an atmosphere of roses and pinks.

By one of these windows sat, almost reclined, an extremely beautiful lady—beautiful and young-looking, though her hair was snowy white.

The snow-white hair, quite plentiful and arranged in innumerable curls, was rendered still more striking by delicately-pencilled black eyebrows.

She was extremely well-dressed, and maintained an air of languid hauteur, that fitted her perfectly as did her bonnet or the gloves on her small, exquisitely-shaped hands.

At a little distance from her, in one of the tall gilt chairs, was seated a young girl. She, too, rather lounged than sat, and her attitude and her face, notwithstanding that she was delicately, etherially pale, proclaimed her the daughter of the lady.

Lady Delamoor raised her eyes as the earl entered, and languidly extended her hand.

"Well, we are here, Cheaney," she said, with a smile of amusement, combined with listless curiosity.

The earl took the hand, and bowed over it, so that his lips almost touched it, then sank into a chair beside her, glancing as he did so at the girl, who had not moved, but whose pale blue eyes watched him with an affected listlessness which nearly matched her mother's.

"You are always good and gracious," he said, and the metallic voice sounded much softer than it had done a few minutes before in the library.

Lady Delamoor smiled with faint negation.

"Thanks; but I think it was curiosity rather than amiability that brought me here to-day. I said to myself that there must be some very strong object in your asking me to take a drive of twelve miles on such a day as this. Have you any idea how hot it is, how almost unendurable the scorching sunlight?"

As she put the question she leant back still further, and slowly fanned herself, and the girl also leant back, and slowly fanned herself.

"Forgive me for causing you so much trouble and inconvenience, Maude, but—yes, my object is an important one."

He glanced significantly at the girl, and added—

"Lady Sybil has not spoken to me yet."

"Sybil has learned enough of good manners to be aware that it is her place to wait until she is spoken to," remarked Lady Delamoor, with a smile.

"Ah! pardon me," said the earl, and he rose and approached the girl and extended his hand.

"You, too, are tired with the long ride," he said. "It was very good of you to come. How can I best thank you? Are you fond of strawberries?"

The girl had risen and bestowed her hand with a kind of curtsey upon him, then sank into her seat again and regarded him and his question with languid half-closed eyes.

"Y—es, I think so," she replied, in a voice which was a quaint echo of her mother's.

"Yes? Well then let me show you where there are some growing, that you may pick them."

"Thank you," she said; "but I'm afraid they will spoil my gloves."

"Forgive me again," he said with rather a grim smile. "You see I am not used to young ladies. But come with me, and I will see that you get the strawberries without spoiling your gloves."

She gave him her hand, and he led her down the long room to the windows opening to the gardens at the rear of the house, the two making an admirable study, which would have filled Mr. Orchardson, the artist, with rapture.

From the window he called to a gardener who was at work, and who hurried forward with a half-frightened expression on his face.

"Take Lady Sybil to the strawberry beds, and pick those she points out to you," he said.

He stood for a moment watching the girl, as with a languid stateliness she followed the man, then returned to his seat beside Lady Delamoor.

"She is very pretty," he murmured almost to himself. "She will be very beautiful. She is like you, Maude."

"Thanks," said Lady Delamoor; "I know that that is a sincere compliment, because you don't like children. Why did you ask"—she laughed—"tell me to bring her? All your requests are framed like commands."

"It is your fault if they are so," said the earl.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is a matter of taste," she retorted. "I have grown so used to come at your beck and call, to humor your—may I say whims?"

"You did not humor one of my whims, Maude!" he said significantly.

She colored faintly, and cast down her eyes, but raised them again after a moment.

"You mean your whim of marrying me?" she said. "Well, no. But when you asked me you were a long way off the peerage, and I could not afford to gratify that whim."

"If you could have foreseen how quickly I should become the Earl of Cheaney——"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why, I should have married you, of course!" she said, opening her eyes upon him.

"And spared us both much misery," he said grimly.

"Yes," she assented listlessly. "I should not have married Delamoor and been beaten about every fortnight, and you——"

She paused.

"I should not have been driven by devilish pique to——"

"Marry a dairyman's daughter, or whatever she was. Yes; we are both to be pitied. I suppose she is to be pitied also, or would be deserving of commiseration, if she were not dead. How wretched you both must have been," she added, with a dreamy smile.

The earl's face darkened, and his eyes gleamed.

"You speak lightly of my life's agony," he said. "You cannot imagine one tithe of my wretchedness—or hers," he added, sardonically. "But as you say, she is dead, and we will forget her, or pretend that we do."

"With all my heart," she assented, waving her fan. "How did we come to speak? Was it my fault?"

"No; mine," he said curtly. "I have been thinking of her—of my great mistake, the error—crime, if you will—that has darkened my life. Maude," he went on abruptly, "do you remember, when last we met, any chance remark of mine respecting your child?"

She thought a moment, then shook her head.

"I can't say I do. I think you spoke mostly of your nephew, Norman. By the way, how fortunate for him that the dairymaid—or whatever she was—did not present you with a son."

"It was," he assented, grimly. "Heaven was merciful; there are no children to remind me of the low-born woman I had, in a moment of madness, made Countess of Cheaney."

His face grew black; the thick brows made a pent house for his eyes as he spoke, and his hands, knotted with gout, clenched spasmodically.

"How you must have hated her," she murmured sweetly.

He drew a sharp breath, but affected not to hear her.

"As you say," he said, speaking deliberately and as if he had rehearsed his words, "Norman, my nephew, is my heir; the title, the estates, must come to him. I have no objection. His father was my brother; he married a woman of his own rank. The lad will not discredit the name. I am satisfied. Satisfied with the present, but not satisfied to leave the future of my name to chance. I wish to guard against his making the criminal blunder I perpetrated. If I am spared four years longer—and I have no intention of dying—I intend that he shall marry—marry one of his own class, not a dairymaid, as you call her, one fitted to wear the Cheaney coronet, to bear the honored name, which I so nearly dishonored."

"I see," she murmured.

"But do you see," he questioned, fixing his fierce eyes upon her half-closed ones, "Do you see that I have sent for you to propose that your daughter shall be Norman's wife, future Countess of Cheaney?"

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY E. N.

You have not forgotten, and neither have I,
  Those days of unclouded bliss:
We could not have fathomed the awful depth,
  The pitiful grief of this.
Our hearts were young and our love was strong,
  And little indeed we knew
The life-time of sorrow that lay between
  My fate, my life, and you.

You have not forgotten the last "Good-by,"
  A sob in the evening hymn,
A white, grave face in the house of prayer,
  And a shadow weird and dim.
Ah, now, through the winter's chill and gloom,
  Do you see a face in the fire?
Do you hear in dreams a clear, sweet voice
  You loved in that village choir?

You have not forgotten, and neither have I,
  The showers of "golden rain,"
The woodland path and the little stile,
  And the love that was all in vain;
But somehow I think, when the last ebb-tide
  Moans over Life's restless sea,
You'll think and remember and understand
  The secret 'twixt you and me!

The German Tenor.

BY G. P.

MISS CONSTANCE ETHERIDGE sat before the looking-glass on her toilet table while her maid dressed her hair. Richards, an old servant of the family, who remembered Constance as a baby, was wont to assume a right to speak her mind to her young lady whenever the spirit moved her.

"Dearie me, Miss Constance, whatever is the matter? You keep a-staring through and through that pink bow beside your mirror, instead of looking at yourself in the glass to see if you can tell which is the puff-curl I have just put in and which is your own hair."

"I am very angry, Richards. Why do you insist upon doing my coiffure with these horrid artificial things in it?"

"Don't be absurd, Miss Constance! All the young ladies wear them nowadays."

The young girl succumbed to necessity, and protested no more. She had something else in her mind. Her thoughts wandered back to an experience of the previous evening, at one of the early balls of her first season.

The incident recalled was this. Her mother had taken her to a subscription dance. The people present were what is commonly called "a mixed lot," and Miss Etheridge meant to confine her dances to two or three intimate friends. But in the crowd of strangers she could not help noticing one gentleman who appeared to her to belong to a very different level from the herd.

A tall, well-proportioned, active youth of Saxon type, he seemed to her the ideal she had formed of the sort of man to whom she would wish to give her heart. Curiously enough this same gentleman showed that a parallel sentiment was aroused in his breast by the sight of Miss Etheridge. His look and manner betrayed the fact to her in an instant. The result was a move on his part, which, according to English etiquette, was highly reprehensible. Its nature may be best described by repeating Miss Etheridge's naive confession to her mother on the way home.

"By-the-bye, Constance," inquired her mother, "who was the gentleman that danced with you several times and took you down to supper?"

"I haven't the least idea, mamma."

"Constance!" gasped Mrs. Etheridge, "what do you mean? Who introduced him to you?"

"Nobody, mamma. He came up in foreign fashion and asked me to dance. It would have been silly of me to refuse, for he danced superbly."

"Constance!" again exclaimed her mother, horrified. "I am quite shocked at you. Your conduct was most unladylike. I could make allowances for mistakes in a girl of your age, but I never thought you could be capable of such a lamentable piece of ill-breeding."

"Really, I don't see that I have done anything wicked," pleaded the girl.

"It was worse than wicked, Constance; you compromised yourself with a mere stranger, and he may be a low counter-jumper, or something."

"Nonsense, mamma dear. He is nothing of the kind. I think he is German, for he spoke with a slight accent; and that might account for his apparent rudeness in asking a stranger for a dance. In other ways he was singularly gentlemanlike."

Such was the episode. And it was of this—or rather of him—that Constance was brooding before her toilet-table.

Mrs. General Etheridge had an "at home" that same afternoon. Her invitations had been sent out a fortnight before. She had since taken great pains to engage some well-known singers and musicians to entertain her guests. Principal among these was Herr Bertschinger, a singer of some repute, who had lately come over to this country. She had not seen him or heard him sing, but she had heard reports about him; and great things were expected of the "new tenor."

Another great attraction was expected (and this, in Mrs. Etheridge's estimation, was the most important of all)—namely, an eligible young man—"a young man who would do beautifully for Constance," thought the anxious mother. He was Lord Herbert Ching, a son of General Etheridge's old friend and schoolfellow, the Marquis of Camberley. Lord Herbert had been educated abroad, and the Etheridges had never seen him since he was a child. He had lately returned to England, and the Marquis had written from Italy asking the General to allow his boy to call. The result was that Lord Herbert received a hearty invitation to the Etheridges' "at home."

The afternoon arrived, and shortly after the appointed hour guests came pouring in a continuous stream through Mrs. Etheridge's suite of reception rooms. Those of the musicians who had arrived early were set going to pass the time; and Mrs. Etheridge waited anxiously for the appearance of the lion of her party. After a while she became troubled at his non-arrival, and sent down a message by one of the footmen to know if Herr Bertschinger was downstairs. The answer was that he had just entered the house.

In a flutter of suspense the hostess stationed herself at the head of the stairs, and awaited the great man's approach.

Presently the butler came up and announced in stentorian tones, "Herr Berchingy."

Mrs. Etheridge held out her hand to welcome the tall, fair young man who bowed to her; and then, to her dismay, she recognized in him the very youth who had violated the proprieties on the previous evening at the subscription ball, by asking her daughter to dance without any introduction.

She felt greatly annoyed. But quickly seeing that there was no help for it but to be properly gracious, she summoned her memories of Ollendorf to her assistance, and welcomed the stranger in German.

"So glad you are at last come. We feared you would disappoint us. Herr Bertschinger—my husband—General Etheridge." And the host and guest shook hands.

The young man, noticing that he was addressed in German, made a suitable reply in the same language, and bowed.

Mrs. Etheridge saw that it was impossible to prevent a meeting between the "impudent fellow" and her daughter, and that the best way to avoid anything in the nature of scandal was to go through the form of an introduction between them.

"Constance, my dear—"

Miss Etheridge, who was a few yards away, turned at her mother's call; and, to her astonishment, she found that the very man was being correctly presented to her who had raised her parent's ire the previous night.

Still greater was the astonishment of the stranger, who had strolled home that morning in the small hours, bitterly reproaching himself with not having learnt the name of a certain fair partner, whose pretty face he was never likely to set eyes on again. In sheer surprise he looked from daughter to mother, and from mother to daughter, and then bowed awkwardly.

Constance flushed to the roots of her hair, and her mother noted the fact angrily. So Mrs. Etheridge turned promptly to the new-comer saying politely, in her best Ollendrof—

"Will you do us the honor of singing something?"

Herr Bertschinger assumed a modest air of expostulation, and pretended that he felt scarcely equal to the task of performing before so distinguished and critical an audience. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the more the "artistes" (as they called themselves) tried to entertain the distinguished and critical audience, the more indefatigably the distinguished and critical audience chattered in competition.

But Herr Bertschinger's scruples were eventually overcome. Constance Etheridge watched him as he followed her mother to the piano.

"Oh! I forgot," exclaimed Mrs. Etheridge in English, "your music—have you brought it?"

"I have brought it in my head," replied the German, smiling.

"How handsome he is!" thought Constance.

"What insufferable airs these foreigners assume!" thought her mother. "To think that my Constance—but hush!"

The musician touched the keys, being his own accompanist. After a modest prelude he broke into one of the ballads that, although the English are not a truly musical nation, we may claim as home-made, and be proud of.

"Why doesn't the fellow sing in German?" asked everyone of his neighbors, though not one guest in ten could put together the simplest sentence in that tongue. "Why does he sing in English?"

"Swagger!" was the general verdict.

The singer's voice was a pure and "legitimate" tenor. To the true musicians present it was evident that he had learnt from the best masters. There was nothing in his style to suggest native vulgarity, or that assumption of superiority only too common among "lions" from over the water.

The ballad closed amid general applause: indeed the "bravos" and "bravissimos" burst out on the penultimate bar of the melody, and the singer finished for the sake of his art alone.

Only one of those who were present re-

frained from any outward sign of applause. Constance Etheridge, in truth, feared to show what an influence over her the singer possessed. She stood at a distance, with downcast eyes, until a gentle voice aroused her.

"You did not like my poor song, Miss Etheridge. And yet—and yet I sung more for your sake than for anyone else's."

She was at a loss to reply. Mrs. Etheridge came to the rescue, in the very nick of time, with an excuse for separating the pair.

Later on, the "tenor" was pressed "to oblige" a second time. He did so with evident reluctance, this time singing in German. Everybody voted that his voice was simply charming. Only a few complained that it wouldn't fill the Albert Hall—which was true, though uncalled for.

Meantime, Mrs. Etheridge took very good care that Herr Bertschinger and Constance did not come together again.

"I told you so, Constance. The man is a professional singer, and I dare say no better than a mere adventurer."

Oh, insular reasoning!

At length the young man who was the cause of all this maternal solicitude came to take his leave. Mrs. Etheridge complimented him, in bad German, on his delightful music, and the General accompanied him to the foot of the stairs, where he slipped an envelope nervously into the hand of the successful vocalist.

When the latter had passed out into the street, the General inquired of a servant "if anything had been seen of Lord Herbert Ching, eh?"

A visitor at that moment entering the house seemed to overhear the name. He was a short, fat, red-faced man, who might be any age.

"Dat's me," he said, shaking hands with the General. "I haf so many appointments this after-mittag to geep, sat I am a leetle late. You must eggeguse me, Cheneral Etheridge, I bray you."

"Well!" muttered the old gentleman to himself, "I'd be hanged if I would bring up a boy of mine in this disgusting fashion. I can't think what Camberly can have been about." Then he added aloud, "Will you come upstairs?"

"Mit bleasure," assented Lord Herbert, following him.

By this time the guests were beginning to troop out again. They had heard the "new tenor," and nothing in the world would keep them there any longer.

When Lord Herbert Ching said "Ow d' you do?" to his hostess, the general exodus was in full swing, and twenty minutes afterwards a few of the most intimate friends of the family occupied the station of the General and his wife and daughter.

At last, in despair of ever getting a word in edgeways with such people, the latest arrival stumped again down the stair without a word of good-bye, and with some very forcible Teutonic expletives falling from his lips.

"Well, in all my porn days!" he growled, as he took up his hat and went his way, "I vas in such an insulding way neffer pefore dreedet. I vill do-morrow to Chermany go back. I 'av' put myzelf to gonziderable ingonfenience for sese stuck-up Eenglish; but I vill stant it no more—tamt if I do!" And away he went.

Anon, when the last guest had departed, and the General and Mrs. Etheridge stood in sole possession of their empty suite of reception rooms, the lady of the house heaved a sigh of relief, and said to her husband:

"There! Thank goodness, that's over! I think everything went off splendidly. But what a lucky escape poor dear Constance had! We won't engage Herr Bertschinger again if I can help it."

"Why, my dear? He seemed very well-behaved, I thought. What's the matter with the young man?"

"Matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Etheridge. "Everything's the matter. He's only a common musician, and he had the impudence to make friends with Constance at the ball last night, without any introduction whatever. I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, for my part," returned the General, "I thought him as nice-looking and pleasant-mannered a lad as you would wish to see; they reverse of that awful outsider, Lord Camberly's boy."

When Miss Etheridge was once more in the hands of her maid, changing her pretty dress for dinner, the following conversation took place.

"And, if you please, Constance—what did you think of the primer donner?—that's what they call the principal singing gentleman, isn't it?"

Constance laughed lightly. "The prima donna, as you call him, Richards, sang as I never heard anyone sing before."

"Oh—h—h—h!" remarked the maid, her voice travelling up and down the scale significantly. "By the way, miss, he left his music behind, on the hall table."

"His music! Why, he said that he did not bring any."

"Leastways his name is in gold letters on the leather cover, miss."

"What! Herr Bertschinger's?"

"That's it, I think, Miss Constance."

Constance reflected for some moments, and then frightened Richards half out of her wits by jumping about and clapping her hands.

"I see it all, Richards! What an awful muddle! Oh, what fun!" And then she added more soberly: "But will he ever come here again?"

"Who, miss?" asked the maid.

"Never you mind," answerd her young mistress as she left the room hurriedly at the sound of the dinner-bell.

At the breakfast table next morning the General read aloud in amazement a letter which he had just opened. It ran thus:

"DEAR GENERAL ETHERIDGE—I enjoyed myself very much at your interesting 'at home' yesterday. It was a great honor to be asked to sing, and it gave me much pleasure to do so, but I was rather surprised on getting home and opening your envelope to find enclosed cheque with it. As it appears to have been intended for some else, I will not attempt further explanation. With kind regards to Mrs. and Miss Etheridge and yourself,

"Yours sincerely,

"HERBERT CHING."

The mistake was now obvious. Lord Herbert Ching had been mistaken for Herr Bertschinger—and vice versa. It was not difficult to perceive how the awkward error had arisen. The slight similarity in sound between the names of Lord Herbert Ching and Herr Bertschinger, the initial blunder committed by the butler when announcing the arrival of the former, and the imperfect hearing of Lord Herbert's name by the German in the hall, supplied the necessary clues.

Needless to say that, so far as the young nobleman was concerned, the unhappy misunderstanding soon patched itself up. "The new tenor," however, was by no means so easily appeased; and, though it was ingeniously put to him that he had been mistaken for a real live lord, he was not satisfied until the cheque which he had not earned was delicately pressed upon his receptance.

"You know, Herbert," said Mrs. Etheridge some time after, "I should never have forgiven anyone else but you for dancing with Constance without an introduction."

"I should never have forgiven myself," replied Lord Herbert laughing, "if my little Constance hadn't sprung to it so readily."

"Oh, you bad boy!" exclaimed the outraged matron.

And the wedding-day was fixed accordingly.

Bric-a-Brac.

SALUTATIONS.—Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

IN JAPAN.—Out in Japan the doctor never thinks of asking poor patients for a fee. A proverb in Japan runs: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given to him, is a robber."

CONFINED SOUND.—The intensity of confined sound is illustrated on the Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and 12feet in diameter. When a pin is dropped into it, the sound of it striking the surface of the water, 182 feet below, can be distinctly heard.

AFRICAN DIET.—African diet varies as much as do the people, and such trifles as roasted spiders, caterpillars, ants stewed in butter, ostrich eggs, baked elephant's trunk and feet, puma, fat sheep's tails, stewed puppies, and odd articles not generally regarded as food, are consumed.

MADRID CUSTOM.—It is not the custom for ladies to go to market in Madrid, and even the first cook in great houses disdains to expose herself to the jokes of the market women. It falls to the place of the second cook to do the marketing, and she perfers it, for it brings many perquisites. It is understood that she exacts her commission on all she buys, and, as prices vary, this is easy without detection. "She is too dear," is sometimes said when a servant is discharged; but no imputation is made against her character.

TIN-WARE.—Tin-ware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron; dip it into a bath of boiling tin, then remove it, enveloped with a silvery metal, to a place for cooling. In practice however the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for more than half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, made himself master of it, and brought it home.

SALT CELLARS.—The salt-cellar dates back to remote times, and that is natural, since the first use of salt is lost in obscurity. Among the wealthy it was of silver and gold, and was handed down from father to son. Benvenuto Cellini chased some for Francis I. that were of the most exquisite workmanship. There are likewise some beautiful specimens in Faience, and at the Louvre may be seen these made at Orion for the celebrated set called the service of Diana of Poitiers, or of Henry II. Although salt cellars were likewise made of very common earthenware, at ordinary repasts the salt cellar was often a piece of bread hollowed out to receive the salt, and this was placed near each guest.

THE FROST FISH.—A curious fish, the "frost fish" of New Zealand, has been recently exhibited in Edinburgh. It was brought over to England by one of the meat-carrying steamers in the refrigerator, and is described as nearly five foot in length, with flat sides about four inches deep, and at the thickest part not more than one inch through. It has a long, hard, sharp head, armed with several sets of formidable teeth, a most delicately transparent back fin running from head to tail, about as fine as a film of gelatine; the taper at the tail not more than a quarter of an inch across, and the tail is of very small size for such a fish, measuring not more than two and a half inches across the outer edges. Judging from its present appearance the fish in its natural state must be as silvery as a herring, though without scales. The "frost fish" is said to be excellent eating.

THERE are said to be about 2,000 varieties of apples raised in the United States.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

Lady Delamoor smiled up at him.

"Of course," she responded blandly. "I am not an imbecile."

"Good," he said. "And what do you say? Think, Maude. The title might have been yours; if you consent to my proposal it shall be your child's."

She smiled again.

"Am I likely to refuse such an offer for Sybil?" she said. "One of the oldest titles, the richest estates in England? But are we not counting upon our chickens, before they are hatched, but before they have consented to be counted upon? The boy——"

"I will answer for him," said the earl, quickly. "He is alone in the world, with no one to look to but me. He is dependent—wholly dependent—upon me. Young as he is, he knows that; young as he is, he also knows that my word is law, and that he must obey. Besides, it is no hard thing I am demanding of him. He has but to realize that he is bound, pledged, rather earlier than most most men, that he is not free to——"

"Marry a milkmaid, like his uncle," put in Lady Delamoor.

The earl winced, and his lips suddenly compressed, but he inclined his head with perfect courtesy and patience.

"Exactly. You have summed up my motive, my intention, in a phrase."

"Have you spoken to him?" she asked. "He is so young——"

"I have spoken to him. He is not too young to understand the importance of the arrangement, the importance of obeying me. But what of Sybil?"

Lady Delamoor laughed softly.

"Sybil, thank heaven, has been well brought up, Cheney. I think that I do not assert too much when I say that she would promise to marry a carpenter and joiner, or—a curate. She will not object to promising herself to Lord Lechmere, the heir to the earldom of Cheney. And though she is no older in years than Norman, she is a girl, and therefore much older in—shall we say, common sense and woman's wit? Women think of marriage in their cradles, you know."

"I know," he said with subdued bitterness.

"She will be as delighted at the prospect of a good parti as if she were, say eighteen. Believe me that long before that age girls have learned to study the marriage market."

He smiled grimly.

"Good," he said.

"Y-es, good so far," she drawled, watching him under her half-closed lids. "But how are you going to insist upon their keeping to the engagement?"

He frowned.

"I will answer for the boy," he said again. "Do you answer for the girl?"

"Do you propose to shut Norman up in a brick tower, and that I should do the same with Sybil?"

"No," he said. "I propose to keep constant watch and ward upon him. It will be difficult, but I will do it. It will be easier for you to do the same with Sybil. She is a girl, and will never be absent from your side. Let it be understood that she is already plighted."

She inclined her head.

"Do not fear that we shall break our part of the contract," she said. "You see," she added with charming candor, "we have so much to gain."

He smiled grimly.

"Frankly, I do not think you could do better for her. The settlements shall be all you can desire. While I live they shall have an allowance which shall satisfy—even you."

"You are generosity itself," she murmured. There was a pause, then she said, "I think you may call her."

He went to the window, and returned presently, leading the girl by the hand.

"Well, Sybil," drawled Lady Delamoor, "have you enjoyed the strawberries?"

"I ate only one," she replied, listlessly. "The man put them in a leaf which had a snail on it."

Lord Delamoor laughed softly.

"There must be no crosses on Sybil's bed of roses," she said. "Come and sit here. Lord Cheney and I have been talking about you."

Sybil leant back in her chair, and surveyed a slight stain which the solitary strawberry had made on her finger.

"Why?" she asked listlessly.

The earl stood, with his hands folded behind his back, looking down at her as if he were reading her face.

"Shall I tell her, or will you?" asked Lady Delamoor.

The earl signed to her to continue.

"Well, my dear Sybil, the earl has been kind enough to make a proposal to me."

"To you?" asked Sybil, lifting her eyes sharply.

Lady Delamoor laughed.

"For you," she said. "Have you ever heard of Lord Norman?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't remember—yes, I think so."

"Yes. He is the earl's nephew; and he proposes that some day—a long way off, a very long way off, over so many years—you and Lord Norman shall be husband and wife."

There was a pause. Sybil looked from one to the other.

"What is he like?" she asked.

The earl struck in here.

"He is my nephew," he said, as gently as the human voice would allow. "He will be the Earl of Cheney, as I am. This place, Cheney Chase, and many other places like it, will soon be his."

"Yes," she said. "He will be very rich?"

"Very," he assented, rather grimly.

"And I shall be the Countess of Cheney?" she asked, looking round.

The earl inclined his head.

"You will be the Countess of Cheney," he said, "when I die; and I am an old man, as you see."

She looked at him calculatingly.

"I should like to be rich," she said. "Mamma is always saying that we are poor."

"Then you do not object?" asked the earl.

She looked at her mother questioningly. "What shall I say, mamma?" She glanced round the magnificent room as she put the question, and the pale blue eyes grew warmer. She might, indeed, have been eighteen, as the countess had said.

"You shall do as you please," said Lady Delamoor. "I'm afraid you can't be expected to know your own mind, but"—she spoke sternly, impressively—"if I were in your place I should say 'Yes.'"

Sybil raised her eyes to the earl's face.

"Yes," she said. There was a pause, then she added, "I thought it was only princes who were engaged when they were young."

"Sybil has not neglected her history, you see," said Lady Delamoor with a laugh.

The earl smiled.

"You can imagine yourself a princess, Sybil," he said. "Wait, and I will bring the prince."

He went into the library. Lord Norman had washed his hands and brushed his hair, and exchanged the blue jacket for one of tweed, and was seated on the table swinging his legs to and fro, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Come with me," said the earl. Lord Norman got off the table and followed him into the drawing-room.

At the sight of the lady and the girl, whose eyes were fixed upon him, he stopped short, and a faint blush rose to his face.

"He is handsome!" murmured Lady Delamoor, just loud enough for the earl's ears.

The earl smiled assentingly.

"Norman," he said, "this is Lady Delamoor, an old friend of mine." Norman bowed. "And this is her daughter Sybil. Go and take her hand, for she has consented to be your future wife."

Sybil held out her hand after a moment's pause, and smiled faintly.

Lord Norman went up to her and took her hand and looked at her, and as he looked the flush faded and his face grew pale.

"I am very much obliged," he said in a low voice; "but I cannot marry you!"

The girl drew her hand from his grasp and rose to her full height, turning her eyes with startled hauteur from him to her mother, and from her to the earl.

For a moment the earl seemed stricken dumb. Then he laughed—a laugh that was more savage than most men's oaths.

Lady Delamoor leant forward, startled out of all her languor.

"What does he say?" she asked in a hushed voice.

The earl grasped Lord Norman.

"Are you mad?" he demanded hoarsely. "Don't you understand? This is the young lady——"

"I know. I remember, sir," said Lord Norman with downcast eyes. "It—it is very kind, and—and I am sorry, but I could never marry her."

The earl forced a smile, an awful smile.

"He does not know what he is saying," he said. "The boy is a boor—a clown."

"No," said Lady Delamoor. "He knows what he is saying, and he is not a boor." She burst into a rippling laugh of mockery. "You have made a mistake, Cheney."

Her light scorn seemed to drive the earl mad. His grasp tightened upon the lad's shoulder, and he wrenched him round, facing him.

"You—you——" He struggled for breath. "Boy, have you forgotten where you are, who I am? If you are not the fool I am trying to believe you to be, you know the meaning of the words you have spoken."

"I know," said Lord Norman, in a low voice, but a perfectly firm one.

"You cur!" snarled the earl, "Perhaps you know, too, that you are a beggar, a pauper, a dog that lives upon my charity. Do you understand that? You do? But there is something more that you do not know, and that is this—if I choose, you shall remain a beggar and a pauper for the rest of your life. A word from me——"

He seemed to feel rather than see the eyes of the two females fixed upon him curiously, and with a great effort pulled himself up.

"Enough!" he said hoarsely. "Out of my sight!"

As he spoke he thrust the boy from him, and, while so thrusting him, struck him savagely across the face.

Lord Norman reeled, but saved himself from falling by clutching at a chair.

For a moment he stood, white and panting, and pushing the hair from his forehead; then, with a steady look at the earl, he turned and left the room.

As he did so he glanced, by chance, at the fair-haired girl. She had not moved from her seat, had not uttered a cry; and as he looked at her saw a smile of infinite satisfaction, of girlish malice, upon the pretty delicately-cut face—a look that cut him like a whip.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LASSO EXPERTS OF MEXICO.—The cowboys of New Mexico, Texas and Arizona are all skilled in the art of using the lasso. I used to be in the ranching line myself, and once thought I could throw a rope as straight as any man living. But that was before I mixed to any extent with the Mexicans. As good as the American cowboys are, they can't hold a candle to a greaser when it comes to the roping business. They can do things with hemp that no other mortals can ever hope to accomplish.

A Mexican will chase a steer at full speed, and, while he guides his bronco with one hand, whirl his rope with unerring aim with the other, and it isn't once in a thousand times that the noose will fail to catch just where the rider meant. A favorable trick with them is to stick a lot of long-handled knives in the ground close together within the limits of a narrow circle, and bet with outsiders that they can ride past at racehorse speed and pick up any one of the knives designated with a rope. They are good marksmen with the rifle, too, but in this regard the cowboys are fully their peers.

THE "WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."—Like a miser, we hoard the golden days of summer, and its cool, open-windowed evenings. We dread the time for ice and slop, and snow and closed doors, and bare trees, and leafless branches, and hushed birds. We don't like to feel imprisoned; we don't like to freeze on one side, while we roast on the other. We don't like short days to work in; we don't like such a niggardly allowance of daylight. We don't like dull gray skies, and the blustering, fierce winds, nipping even the poor house-plants, with which we try to delude ourselves into summery reflections. We don't like to see bare-legged, blue-nosed children ploughing through the ice and snow, and peering into cellars for "bread," when we know they'll get whipped if they don't bring home something else to their wretched parents. We want sunshine for them, morally and physically; in fact, we can't do without sunshine, and warm sunshine too, for everybody, ourselves included; and we never could see why winter was invented, anyhow.

GLOVE-MAKING AT GRENOBLE.—The reason which is given for Grenoble, above any other city of France, being the centre of the glove-making industry is said to be that it is not so much owing to the number of kids supplied by the Alps as to the particular qualities of the town water for the dyeing of the skins. The dyers have brought their process to such a pitch of perfection as no others have been able to do, and a Grenoble factory of any importance would be able to supply gloves, if required, of three hundred different tints, and, should none of these tints suit the requirements of a purchaser, his orders are extended according to any pattern he may submit.

TWICE USED.—To economize time is a sensible thing, and yet there are occasions when it brings trouble, as in the case of a Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson's lawyer, calling one day, found Mrs. Johnson alone and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only answer was that her husband was "a villain." After a time, she added, with some hesitation: "Why, I have discovered that all the love letters he sent me were the very same he sent to his first wife."

WHY HE LIKED IT.—"Am I correct in my supposition?" he softly inquired as he entered the Gratiot avenue station, Detroit at 11 o'clock at night and stood before the sergeant's desk.

"What is your supposition?" was queried in reply.

"That this is a police station?"

"You are correct."

"Very well. I reached this town early this morning and set out to see the sights. Inside of an hour I was watchless. In other words, some one grabbed my ticker and chain."

"Yes," replied the sergeant.

"I had $17 in cash in my wallet. While I was having fun with the boys some one got the boodle."

"Yes."

"I had a satchel with a suit of clothes in it. I was taking a drink in a saloon and swapping stories with the boys when some one lugged it off."

"Yes."

"Had an overcoat which cost me $20 only last week. I was in a saloon with the boys and took it off to wrassle and have fun, and when I looked for it, lo! it had disappeared."

"Yes."

"I am dead broke—cleaned out—hungry and cold."

"I'll take your complaint and see what can be done."

"Complaint? I have no complaint to make!"

"Don't you want the parties arrested and your property recovered?"

"Not this evening—no, sir-e-e-e! I'm no squealer."

"Then what did you come here for?" demanded the sergeant.

"Happened to be going by and thought I'd drop in and say to you that I've been in Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Cleveland and Cincinnati, but of all the towns I ever struck Detroit takes the cake for having fun with the boys. Cleaned out—busted up—dead broke, but I never had so much fun in one day in all my life. Good-night, old man—don't worry about me. Had fun with the boys all day—going out to sell my shirt and have more fun. See?"

And he winked and grinned and nodded and backed to the door and added:

"Better get out and learn your town, old man. Best town and most fun in all this world. I'm going to stay right here with the boys till I haven't nothing felt but my chest protector."

SOURCES OF ACTIONS.—It is perhaps one of the most useful practices to trace back our own actions to the sources from which they must have sprung. We are generally only too willing to do this in the case of our neighbors, but we rarely do it for ourselves. We assume the character of the tree from the quality of the fruit in the one instance; but in the other we decline to draw the same inference. Let us honestly and fairly examine ourselves with this object in view. Let us find out the real underlying principles of our lives, the secret motives of our actions, the most urgent desires of our hearts, and we may wish to lay the axe at the root of many of them.

IT will be of interest to readers of Dickens to know that another spot in the English metropolis, around which gathered some of the characters made famous by the great novelist, has been affected by the changing events of time. "The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" tavern of "Our Mutual Friend" has lost its meaning, as the London County Council recently disbanded the corporation of Fellowship Porters.

DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD to go away of itself, for your throat and lungs may become so irritated and inflamed from the accompanying cough, that Bronchitis or Consumption may set in before you are conscious of danger. Rather get clear of your Cold at once by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for loosening a cough and promoting expectoration, as well as for healing and strengthening the surfaces of the throat and lungs.

Scientific and Useful.

DRYING MACHINES.—In South America an electrical drying machine, in which air is forced through a chamber of heated plates, is to be used in drying wheat.

THEY CUT THE NET.—"Torpedo scissors," a new form of torpedo net cutter invented by a Danish naval officer, have proved successful, it is said, in recent tests. They are fixed to the head of the torpedo, and fall apart on striking the net, cutting it so to let the torpedo pass through and strike the ship.

PRISON.—A suggestion for improvement in prison constructions provides for cells built of iron or steel pipes which intercommunicate, so that water may be kept under pressure in them. If any attempt be made to break into or out of such a cell, the smallest puncture in a pipe will cause a leak and give instant notice through the reduction of pressures which actuate a system of electric alarms.

GLASS STOPPERS.—The safest way to loosen a glass stopper is to wrap tightly round the neck of the bottle a long strip of rag, over which a stream of boiling water should be gently poured. The rag can be taken off in the space of two or three minutes, when probably the neck of the bottle will have sufficiently expanded to allow the stopper to be withdrawn. Sometimes it is necessary to repeat the operation, which, except in very bad cases, is almost invariably successful.

WEB DRAWING.—A dispatch from Biddeford, Me., reports that a resident of that city, after 14 years of secret work, has completed a machine for web drawing, the only branch of work in cotton mills which is now done by hand. The dispatch adds: It takes an expert web drawer two hours and a half to draw in a warp which this machine will do in half an hour, and one man can run four of these machines as easily as a section of looms. If the Biddeford invention can make good its claims its economic importance not only to mill men, but to industrial and commercial interests of the country, will defy calculation.

Farm and Garden.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—The cost of production governs the profit and not the prices received. Extravagance in feeding, waste of valuable food, and the use of stock that does not produce above the average, are the obstacles which cause mortgages and entail losses.

SHEEP.—As a rule farmers who discard sheep because they do not pay have bred scrubs rather than the breeds that could give profit. If farmer reduce the capacity of their flocks by using scrubs they are at fault. It matter not what prices may be it is too costly to keep sheep that cannot provide a fair proportion of wool.

ANIMALS.—With animals for meat a quick growth and early maturity are essential in securing the best profit. The shortest time that an animal for meat can be fed is the most profitable, and the growth and gain must be continuous. In nearly all cases it will be better to sell off a portion of the stock in good season, even at a low price, rather than to be obliged to stint the ration through the winter.

POOLS.—In China many of the shallow pools have their bottoms planted with edible lilies, lotus, water chestnuts, water spinach and other vegetables which thrive in marshy lands. These grow rapidly, and in the warmer sections produce more than one crop each year. It might be wise to try some of these water vegetables in this country, as they will furnished a greater variety of food than already exists here.

FERTILIZERS.—The influence of fertilizers on plants varies according to the kind of plant food used. This is strongly shown in the growing of tobacco. Muriate of potash was found to be unsuitable, as it caused poor burning quality, as did also lime and magnesia. The use of stable manure induced coarse, thick-leaved tobacco. Of the different kinds of fertilizers used sulphate of potash gave the best results, producing tobacco with the best burning qualities.

HEIMGANG.

BY A. J. H. D.

"Heimgang!" So the German people
  Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
  Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ surges
  Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting dirges,
  "Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" Quaint and tender saying,
  In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
  And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
  That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey, towards "God's acre,"
  "Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" We are all so weary,
  And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
  Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher 's broken,
  With its drops and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken—
  "Heimgang!" we are going home.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. CHANDOS smiled sweetly.

"No, no, my dear Rawdon," he said. "There is nothing. Nothing, I think." He seemed to ponder. "If you really feel that you would like to make me some return, I wish there was something. Let me think. Ah, yes, my dear Rawdon, there is a slight service you could render me."

"I thought so," said Rawdon, with an indrawing of his lips. "What is it?"

Mr. Chandos, still smiling sweetly, motioned his friend to his chair, and as he did so replenished Rawdon's glass.

"It's a very small—a very trivial matter. Scarcely worth your notice, my dear Rawdon; and I shall not at all be surprised or offended if you decline."

Rawdon took a drink and watched his benefactor silently.

"You remember the theatricals we used to have," said Mr. Chandos, "and how splendidly you used to play? Well, I want you to take part in some—er—theatricals for me."

"What part?"

"The—er—part of a clergyman," said Mr. Chandos blandly, airily.

"A clergyman!" echoed Rawdon, frowning.

"Yes. You would play it so well," murmured Mr. Chandos. "You would look and speak the part perfectly, my dear Rawdon; and now I come to think of it, it is only for a rehearsal that I require you."

"A rehearsal?" said Rawdon still frowning.

"Yes," said Mr. Chandos. "The—er—young lady who plays the part of the bride——"

"It is a marriage, a wedding, then?"

"Exactly," assented Mr. Chandos. "How quick you always are! Ah, my dear Rawdon, in another sphere, in sunnier climes than this, your quickness, your adroitness, will meet with its reward——"

"Go on."

"Y—es. The young lady who plays the part of the bride has a peculiar fancy, a strange whim. She wants, I think, to give it an air of realism; she wants to thoroughly realize her character, and she is therefore anxious that the rehearsal of the wedding ceremony should take place in a —er—real church."

Rawdon started, and stared under his brows at the sleek, the blandly smiling Mr. Chandos.

"A real church! What the deuce do you mean?"

"Well, when I say a real church, I allude to a hoary old ruin near here, which I think bears the name of St. Mark's."

Rawdon nodded silently and refilled his pipe, which, in his astonishment, he had allowed to go out.

"St. Mark's, yes," said Mr. Chandos suavely. "The rehearsal will be quite—er—private; there will only be the bride and bridegroom and clergyman present——"

Rawdon raised his head.

"Who is to be the—who is to play the part of the bridegroom?" he asked.

Mr. Chandos, smiling like a cherub, touched his own bosom.

"I, my dear Rawdon."

Rawdon sprang to his feet, then sank into the chair again.

"By heaven, I—I thought so!" he muttered.

"It is a small matter, a very trivial affair," said Mr. Chandos. "You will only be engaged a few minutes—how long does the marriage ceremony take?—and—er—you can play your part the day before you sail for the Colonies."

Rawdon rose and stood with his back to him.

"Chandos," he said hoarsely, "do you know what this means—for both of us?"

Mr. Chandos smiled.

"Pardon, my dear Rawdon?"

"It means penal servitude—perhaps for life!" whispered Rawdon almost inaudibly.

Mr. Chandos laughed.

"My dear Rawdon, your usual good sense seems to have taken leave of you! Penal servitude for a piece of harmless foolery, for a piece of amateur play acting! Tut, tut, my dear fellow, you are—forgive me!—absurd," and he laughed a laugh of pleasant badinage.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Rawdon grimly, "and, by heaven, I see your game! Chandos, you must be mad to—to run such a risk! Besides, the girl—whoever she is—cannot be so ignorant of the world——" his voice died away, and his hand—it trembled—reached for the glass of almost neat gin.

"My dear Rawdon, pray clear your mind of such absurd and ridiculous misapprehensions; this is merely a rehearsal of a portion of a play some friends and I are getting up for future representation. All—mark me!—all you have to do is to attend at an appointed place in the ordinary garb of a clergyman—and repeat the marriage service. Not a difficult part, you'll admit."

"I—by——" Rawdon swore—"I cannot do it!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Chandos. "I will not press you. Er—er—touching the money I offered you, my dear Rawdon, there may be—I say there may be—some difficulty in raising it. You won't be disappointed if I fail in carrying out my intention of helping an old friend."

Rawdon sank into the chair from which he had risen and hid his face in his hands, and Mr. Chandos stole to his side and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my dear Rawdon, you are absurdly childishly nervous and fearful. Remember, if you don't wish your name to appear, it need not. If you like, you can, when you dress for the part, wear one of those wigs the clever costumiers make a wig, no one could possibly recognize you in; and after the ceremony—ahem!—the rehearsal—is over, you can join your ship, you leave the country, never to return."

Rawdon jerked off the hand from his shoulder.

"Chandos!" he exclaimed hoarsely, "you—you are a devil!"

Mr. Chandos laughed at his friend's extravagant compliment.

"No, no; it is you who are a very foolish fellow," he murmured persuasively. "Dear me! to refuse me this slight service, when I am so anxious to help you. Tut, tut, my dear Rawdon, you must be very fond of poverty, and squalor, and dirt. And with such abilities, such prospects! Who knows what position you may not attain in the distant land to which I had hoped I should assist you? Who knows? My dear Rawdon, this is, believe me, the great chance, the golden opportunity of your life." As he spoke he stealthily filled the tempted man's glass. "But come, never mind, drink up, my dear Rawdon, and let us part good friends."

He insinuated the glass into Rawdon's shaking hands.

Rawdon took a long draught. His face flushed. He rose and struck Chandos on the back, and laughed—a shaky, hysterical laugh.

"I'll—I'll do it!" he said. "Mind, I take no risk! I leave the moment the—the play's over, and I have the money in my hand when I read the service—you hear?"

"My dear Rawdon," murmured Mr. Chandos, "of course you shall! You shall be treated with the consideration due to a talented actor who is engaged to play a difficult, delicate part!"

Rawdon sank into the chair, white and haggard, notwithstanding the gin.

"Yes," he said hoarsely; "I'll do it. I'd —I'd commit murder—by heaven, this is worse!—for one more chance in life!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Chandos, as he walked back to the mill cottage that night, sometimes chuckled and glowed with satisfaction, and sometimes grew pale and felt nervous.

It was a terribly dangerous game he was playing; but the great god Chance was helping him, and the prize was so great. He coveted it with so mad a longing that he felt as if he must grasp at it at any risk.

To have Lyra, who had laughed at him —Lyra, with all her loveliness and innocence—in his power, at his feet! The thought sent the blood, warmed by hot gin and water, spinning through his veins. When he reached the cottage he reached the cottage he found Mary sitting up for him—for he was late—and she eyed his flushed face rather curiously as he dropped into a chair and began to rub his ankle.

"Miss Lyra told me to say that the master was very low and restless to-night, sir, and that she wouldn't leave him if you'd excuse her, sir."

And Mr. Chandos felt relieved, for once or twice on his way home the thought of meeting the direct gaze of Lyra's sad, lovely eyes had sent an unpleasant chill through him.

"Very well, Mary," he said. "Quite right. But I hope Miss Lyra will not be knocked up. You must help her all you can, Mary. By the way," he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a sovereign, "I

want to give you a little present, as an acknowledgment for all your kind attention to me."

"Oh, lor!" exclaimed Mary, eyeing the gold coin reposing in her huge, red palm. "Is all this for me? You be kind, sir!"

"Not at all, my good Mary," said Mr. Chandos benevolently. "I should have liked to have made you a handsome present, but I am—er—not a rich man."

"Lawks, goodness sake, this is plenty!" said honest Mary.

"I'm glad you think so," said Mr. Chandos. "Er—Mary, I expect some letters. There is only one post a day is there?"

"Only one, sir."

"Ah, well, perhaps you will bring the letters to me, I mean bring them all, and I can pick out mine, and give the rest to Miss Lyra."

Mary nodded unsuspiciously.

"All right, sir; I'm not good at reading writing hand. But it isn't many letters that come to the cottage."

Mr. Chandos was quite aware of that, but deemed it well to be on the safe side. There must be no communication between Mr. Chester and the outside world, if he could prevent it.

He paused outside the door of Mr. Chester's room, on his way to his own, and heard Lyra's voice, low and soothing, as she spoke to her father, and then he went to bed, to lie awake and gloat in anticipation over his coming victory.

Lyra sat and watched beside her father through the long night with an anxious, loving absorption, which scarcely permitted of any thought of self.

Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Once or twice the remembrance of what she had done—the promise she had made to this man Geoffrey Barle—flashed across her; but though it made her shudder there was no thought of drawing back.

She would have laid down her life to save her father. Why, then, should she hesitate to make the sacrifice which Geoffrey Barle demanded? What did it matter whether she was happy or unhappy, so that her father should end his days in peace and rest. Once the vision of Dane rose before her, but she put it from her firmly, resolutely. He had come into her life and gone again like a dream; she must never even think of him again, now that she was going to be the wife of another man. If she thought of Geoffrey Barle's stipulation that the marriage must be a secret one, that she must not tell a single person of their engagement, it did not seem strange to her, or unreasonable. What did it matter? Nothing mattered so long as her father were saved from this terrible trouble which had almost killed him!

Mr. Chester's condition was unaltered in the morning. He seemed dazed and confused, and scarcely conscious of anything going on around him; at any rate, quite indifferent. During the morning Lyra ventured to allude to the anxiety that haunted him.

"You are not anxious, unhappy now, father; after—after what Mr. Barle said? This money will be paid now, and all will be well."

He looked at her vacantly.

"He did say so?" he said. "You are sure he said so? I thought that I might have dreamt it."

"Yes, yes," she said earnestly. "You did not dream it, it is quite true. The money will be paid, and you need not worry yourself any more. Mr. Barle has been—very kind, father."

He nodded, staring vaguely beyond her.

"Yes. Very kind," he assented. "Why is he going to lend us the money; do you know?"

Lyra turned her pale face away.

"He—he is a friend, father," she faltered.

He sighed, but seemed satisfied with her reply, and presently sank back and closed his eyes.

Lyra did not go downstairs that day; she shrank from meeting the man she had promised to marry. In a day or two she would be able to do so, would be able to thank him properly for all he was doing for them.

And Mr. Chandos was rather relieved by her absence, for he had rather a bad headache and felt nervous and out of sorts—the results of the gin and water. He spent the day completing his plans; looked up the tidal trains in Bradshaw; went to Yarnstaple and brought some clothes and a nice traveling trunk, and wrote to his bankers.

The next day, as he sat alone at breakfast, Mary brought him in some letters. There was one for Mr. Chester in a business like envelope, the contents of which Mr. Chandos guessed as he turned it over and over.

"Will you tell Miss Lyra that I should like to see her for a few minutes, if she can leave Mr. Chester, Mary?" he said blandly; and presently Lyra entered the room.

He rose and took her hand and held it, looking into her pale face with tender, respectful solicitude.

"My dear Lyra, how good of you to come down to me!" he murmured.

She slowly withdrew her hand, which he had not ventured to kiss, and went to the window.

"You sent for me," she said in a low voice, the voice of a slave who has sworn —pledged herself to obey.

"How is your father this morning?" he asked.

"He is just the same," said Lyra, with a faint sigh.

"Ah! not well enough to be troubled with business matters?"

Lyra started slightly, and turned her eyes, full of apprehension, upon him.

"No, oh no!" she said. "He cannot. What is it? Is there fresh trouble?" and her lips trembled.

"I am afraid so," he replied gravely, sympathetically. "I see that there is a letter for him here. It looks as if it were on business. I fear it would not be wise to give it to him. Do you not think you should open it, and learn its contents?"

Lyra took it and hesitated, but only for a moment. As she read it, a faint cry escaped her.

"It is cruel, cruel!" she said.

"May I read it, dearest Lyra?" murmured Mr. Chandos.

She held it out to him and turned away.

The letter was from Mr. Jarvin, who remarked that he had seen the drop of the shares, and that, under the circumstances, he felt compelled—as a business man—to curtail the fortnight's grace to that of a week; and that he should possibly pay him even before the expiration of that period.

Certainly chance was on Mr. Chandos' side.

"It is cruel!" he murmured. "But, Lyra, dearest, do not let it worry or distress you. Your father must not see this letter; it would make him ill again, and perhaps dangerously."

"No, no!" she panted.

He put the letter in his pocket, and went to her and took her hand.

"Do not look so anxious, Lyra," he said. "It only means that this money must be paid at once, and it shall be paid."

She lifted her eyes to his gracefully.

"You—you will pay it at once?" she said, almost inaudibly.

"Of course I will," he said. "I have written to raise the money, and it will be here presently. Have no fear, Lyra. When an Armi—when a Barle pledges his word, it may be relied on to the hilt!"

"Thank you. I—I cannot thank you enough," she faltered.

"I do not want your thanks, I want yourself, dearest," he murmured. "Lyra," his voice sank, and he glanced at the door to see if it was closed, "Lyra, I find that our marriage must take place at once."

"At once?" she echoed, not with a start, but with a dull kind of apathy.

"Yes," he murmured. "I may have to leave here at any moment. My uncle is not well—I told you that I am his heir. You will not refuse if I ask you to be my wife soon, quite soon?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said quietly, in the same dull, helpless way.

He stroked her hand.

"My dearest Lyra, you quite realise that our marriage must be a secret one?"

She assented by a movement of her head.

"You have not told anyone—anyone, of our engagement?" She looked at him with a faint surprise at his question, and his eyes fell. "No one?"

"No one," she said. "You asked me not to do so."

"Yes, yes, dear girl! I asked you because it is so important to me—to both of us—that no one should know. You see I have to think of both our futures now. If our marriage were known it would mean ruin to both of us. I do not care for myself, but I am bound—it is my duty—to regard your welfare."

She did not speak, but listened in the same dull, half confused way. She was thinking of her father only—the gray-haired old man whom she was going to save from further trouble.

"I have been making arrangements, dearest," Mr. Chandos went on, his eyes fixed on the shabby carpet; "and, do you know, I have hit upon what I hope you will consider a very happy idea."

She waited silently.

"This is my idea," he said. "You remember the day we went to St. Mark's?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, now, why shouldn't we be married there?"

He waited, but she was still silent, her sad eyes fixed on his shifty ones.

"It is a church, you know, and marriages take place there. Why shouldn't we walk over there one morning—to-morrow, say?"

She started slightly, and a faint color crept into her face; but it vanished in a moment and left it pale again. Why should she hesitate?

"Well, the day afterwards," he murmured, watching her closely, "I can get the license." He saw by her face that she did not understand. "But I need not trouble you with all that. You can trust me, Lyra dearest?"

She looked at him with the same dull regard. Why should she not trust him? Incapable of guile herself, it never occurred to her to suspect him.

"A friend of mine, a—er—clergyman, a remarkably good fellow, will perform the ceremony. It will be the quietest wedding that ever took place, I should think. We shall just walk—or shall we row?—over to the church as if we were out for a stroll; the ceremony will be got through as quickly as possible, and then you can

come back to you father and resume your loving care of him as if—as if nothing had happened. When he is better—and directly he knows that this money has been paid, directly he feels that this burden has been lifted from his heart, he will get better, dearest——"

"Yes, yes," she said, with the first touch of interest. "Oh, yes."

"Yes; then you consent, dearest?"

"Yes," she said, apathetic again. "I will take Mary—I can take Mary?"

Mr. Chandos started apprehensively.

"Er—er—Mary? I—er—think not, my dear Lyra. No; it would not be wise to take Mary. She is a good, a very nice, good girl, but I'm afraid she would not be able to keep her own counsel, and—er—it is important, it is seriously important, that our marriage should remain secret for the present."

"I am to go alone?" said Lyra, shrinkingly.

"Why not?" he said smilingly, but watching her closely. "Ah well, yes, I understand. Let me see. Oh, yes! the very thing. I will asked a lady friend—a relation of mine—to be present. That will do, will it not, dearest?"

Lyra assented with a sigh.

"Yes," she said. "It does not matter. And—and this money—my father——"

"Shall be paid before we go to the church. I am only waiting for it. I have had to borrow it, Lyra." He turned his eyes away modestly.

She held out her hand to him.

"You have been very good, very kind," she said. "I will do whatever you wish."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"How can I express my love for you, my sense of your infinite trust in me, Lyra?" he murmured.

Then, as she left the room, he sank into a chair, and drew a long breath.

"The day after to-morrow!" he breathed. "It is not long to wait!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE day of Lyra's sacrifice dawned sadly, as if in sympathy with her.

Up the valley of the Yaw a gray mist drove before a drizzling rain. She woke with the plaintive cry of the curlew in her ears, woke with that awful sense of impending calamity which falls upon us in the first moments of awaking.

Her sleep had been a restless one, haunted by dreams. At one time she saw herself standing beside Geoffrey Barle before the altar in the ruined church, with Dane amidst the shadows, looking on with a sad, despairing face; at another, she dreamt that her father and she were wandering, homeless and friendless, through the streets of a great city, followed by Geoffrey Barle, laughing at and taunting them.

She rose with a heavy sigh, and went into the adjoining room where the old man lay. He was asleep, and breathing so lightly that it looked almost like the sleep of death. She bent over him and kissed him, then dressed herself and went down to the parlor.

Mr. Chandos was waiting for her. He, too, had slept but sadly, and felt a certain shakiness, which not even a stiff grass of whisky had succeeded in banishing; but he smiled tenderly, and with a pretence of gaiety, as he took her hands and kissed them.

"Our marriage morn, dearest!" he whispered. "I wish it were a brighter one; but love laughs at clouds, Lyra, and there will be no company with fine dresses to spoil. After all, such a solemn ceremony as a marriage should, I think, be performed in a quiet, solemn manner, and you are too sensible, too wise, to attach any importance to the usual fuss and excitement."

She withdrew her hands, and went to the table without a word.

He looked at her pale, sad face covertly.

"All the arrangements are complete," he went on in a low voice. "My friend the clergyman will be at the church at eleven; we will go out as if we were going for a simply stroll, and—and it will be all over in a few minutes. Mary will look after your father, and he will scarcely miss you."

"You—you have the money?" asked Lyra, without raising her eyes.

He took out his pocket-book and tapped it.

"Yes, yes. You must not let that worry you any more, dearest. The money shall be paid to-day. I will send it directly after breakfast. But the way, I think it would be as well to send Griffith to Yarnstaple, or further, if you can. He is always pottering about the place, and may suspect something, or happen to go near the church."

"Very well," she said with a sigh. It was hard that she should have to deceive even the faithful Griffith, who had been almost a second father to her, who loved her so devotedly.

"You might send him to Yarnstaple for some jelly, or wine, or something of that kind for your father," said Mr. Chandos. "He won't refuse."

"He would not refuse whatever I sent him for," said Lyra.

Mary came into the room as she spoke, and Mr. Chandos hastened to dispose of her.

"Mary," he said, "I have persuaded Miss Lyra to take a little walk with me this morning; you will remain in Mr. Chester's room while we are away."

"Lawks, yes, sir," said Mary. "But what a morning for a walk! But there, Miss Lyra don't mind the weather, and it's time she went out."

Mr. Chandos smiled reassuringly at Lyra as Mary went out again.

"Everything goes well with us, dearest," he said. "There's Griffith outside. Suppose we send for him, and start him off?" And he went to the window and called Griffith.

He came in, taking off his rough fur cap, and looked from one to the other, but his eyes rested with anxious gaze on Lyra's white face.

"Miss Lyra wants you to go to Yarnstaple for some wine and other things for Mr. Chester," said Mr. Chandos blandly.

Griffith glanced at him, then looked at Lyra, who sat with downcast eyes.

"I can send in," he said. "I'm busy with the garden this morning."

"Miss Lyra would rather you went," said Mr. Chandos still blandly. "Would you not?"

"Yes," said Lyra, her eyes still fixed on her plate. "Yes, Griffith."

"Very well," he said, with sullen obedience. "But won't you come with me, Miss Lyra? The walk would do you good."

Mr. Chandos colored.

"Miss Lyra cannot leave her father; you forgot, Griffith," he said.

"No, I don't," said Griffith sullenly. "Why don't you go yourself? You can walk into Yarnstaple this morning as well as you walked in the other night. You'd be of some use then."

Mr. Chandos flushed still more hotly.

"I—er—my ankle pains me this morning, my good Griffith," he said.

"You must go, Griffith," said Lyra in a low voice.

Griffith assented with a grunt, and Mr. Chandos pencilled a list of articles required and tossed it to him. "You need not hurry back, Griffith," he said.

"Hurry or no hurry, what's that to you?" growled Griffith, half audibly, as he shuffled out of the room.

Mr. Chandos smiled when he had gone.

"That disposes of him," he remarked. "Really, Lyra, I don't see your need of this ancient and extremely disagreeable retainer."

Lyra looked up wearily.

"Need of Griffith?" she said. "He is most faithful—devoted——"

"Oh, I know," said Mr. Chandos airily. "But your faithful and devoted servant is a—er—a nuisance. But never mind; we can discuss that later on. Be sure you are not late, dearest," he added as Lyra rose. "We must not keep the clergyman waiting; that is a terrible breach of etiquette, you know."

Lyra made no response, but went up to her father's room.

He was awake, but lay almost as still if he were asleep.

Lyra knelt beside the bed, and took his hand in hers and clasped it.

"Are you better, father?" she murmured; and she wondered if her voice sounded as strangely in his ears as it did in hers.

"Better? Yes, yes," he said in his weak, listless voice.

"I—I am going out for a little while with Mr. Geoffrey Barle," she said after a moment. "You won't mind being left with Mary, father?"

"Going out—going away?" he said, and a faint expression of alarm and discontent came into his face.

"Not—not for long," she said, feeling as if she were choking. "I shall be back before you have missed me."

"No; don't be long," he said. "However short a time it is, I shall miss you, Lyra." He was silent a moment; then, with his eyes resting vaguely on her, he said, as if to himself, "you have grown very like your mother lately, Lyra. She was a beautiful woman!" And he sighed. "If she had only lived! But she was taken from me, and since I lost her——" He stopped and closed his eyes, but opened them a moment later. "You have been a good, a loving daughter to me, Lyra. I—I wish I could have make your happier—I wish I could have done for you what other fathers do. You have been buried alive here. It is my fault—my selfishness."

"No, no, father," she said chokingly. "You have nothing to blame yourself for. I have been very happy—we have been very happy. And we shall be happy again now—now that this trouble had been removed from us. You know that it has gone, father; you know that this money has been—will be paid? You heard what Mr. Barle said? You have not forgotten?"

He knit his brows as if he were striving to remember.

"The money—the money that Mr. Jarvin wanted?" he said.

"Yes, father."

"Yes; I remember," he said, but vacantly. "It will be paid, Mr. Barle said, It is very kind of him, but——"

"But what, dear?" she asked, pressing his hand.

He looked beyond her with a troubled frown.

"Lyra, I—I don't like Mr. Barle," he murmured.

Lyra shrank back, then bent her face over the wasted hand.

"Mr. Barle has been very kind," she murmured, almost inaudibly. "He has been our friend—only friend; don't—don't—don't say that father."

"I don't like him," he repeated, with the weak querulousness of a child. "I don't feel as if I could trust him. Why should he lend—give us this money? I—I wish he would leave the cottage."

Lyra laid her face on his hand, and kissed him.

"You must not say say that, father," she faltered. "But for him——"

She did not finish the sentence, but the old man did not appear to expect her to do so.

"Yes; he has been very kind," he said. "I—I do not understand it; but—— Will you be gone long, Lyra? I miss you, even if you are away five minutes. It is almost as if your mother were sitting there."

Lyra's eyes filled with tears as she got up and bent over him.

"Kiss me, father, for—for my mother's sake," she murmured.

He kissed her, then closed his eyes, and sighed wearily.

Mary came into the room.

"Mr. Barle says as you're to get your things on, Miss Lyra," she said, in the audible whisper which is so aggravating to the sick.

Lyra stood for a moment or two holding her father's hand, then left the room.

It was raining still, and she put on her waterproof over her plain blue serge dress. Then she knelt beside her bed and prayed—a short feverish prayer—not for herself, but her stricken father, for whom she was sacrificing herself. Almost before the prayer had left her lips she heard Geoffrey Barle's voice calling her.

She went down, the palest, saddest of brides, but outwardly as calm as a statue.

"It is all right," he said, taking her hand; his own trembled. "Mary is with your father, and Griffith has started. There is absolutely no one to see or interfere with us. Come!"

Lyra followed him from the cottage. As he closed the gate after her she looked up at the window of her father's room.

"It is for you, for you!" she murmured.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Chandos tenderly.

But she did not reply.

"The question is, shall we row or walk?" he said, as they went towards the beach.

"Let us row," she said.

They got into the boat, and Lyra pulled down the stream. A strange, unnatural numbness seemed to have taken possession of her.

Mr. Chandos, with his coat-collar turned up, sat shivering in the stern of the boat, though the weather was anything but cold.

With slow, steady strokes Lyra pulled the boat opposite St. Mark's.

Mr. Chandos offered her his hand, and they landed.

"I expect my friend, the clergyman, will be there, waiting," he said, with a dry laugh.

"Will your cousin be there, too?" asked Lyra listlessly.

"My cousin?" He had quite forgotten the promised cousin. "Oh, yes; I hope so! She said she would."

Lyra threw out the anchor, and they walked up the beach to the ruined church.

As they approached it Lyra saw a gentleman with a pale, haggard face standing by the door. He carried a small bag.

"My friend, the clergyman," said Mr. Chandos thickly. "Dear me! How cold it is! He is a remarkably nice man, my dear Lyra."

The remarkably nice man came forward at this juncture and raised his hat, and Lyra instinctively shrank back from the haggard face and blear eyes.

"This is Mr.—er—Green," said Mr. Chandos, with a sickly smile. "Is everything ready, Green?"

Rawdon, after a swift glance at the bride, a glance followed by a start of surprise and admiration, nodded.

"Everything is ready," he said.

Lyra looked round wearily, not suspiciously.

"Where is the lady—your cousin?" she asked.

Mr. Chandos coughed.

"Dear me! she is not here! Tut! tut! how annoying! But, never mind, dearest. Her presence is not necessary—not at all; is it, Green?"

"No," said Rawdon, in a thick voice; "not at all necessary."

He glanced at Lyra as he spoke, then, as her sad eyes met his, he looked away across the river; but he seemed to feel her eyes still on him, and eventually his own were fixed on the ground. He seemed possessed by a nervousness which appeared to communicate itself to Mr. Barle, for that gentleman also looked up and down the river with an anxious, half fearful expression.

Of the three standing there in the mist and rain the unconscious victim was the calmest.

"Er—shall we go in?" said Mr. Chandos, breaking the silence which had fallen upon them.

With trembling hand he drew out the key from the ivy and opened the door, and they passed into the church.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

At Home and Abroad.

In a vote for a State flower, taken in Vermont, more than 9500 votes were cast for the red clover, out of a total of 17,611, and the Legislature has passed a bill making red clover the State flower.

A curious feature of Japanese journalism is that every important paper is said to have a "prison editor." Japanese journalists are so constantly being fined and sent to prison that the sole occupation of this individual is to go to jail when called upon.

An English financier has estimated that a penny put out at compound interest at 6 per cent. at the beginning of the Christian era would by this time have increased to more money than could be contained in 150 000 globes equal to the earth in magnitude.

There is a row of houses on the east side of New York city which has became known as "Suicide Row," owing to the number of cases of self destruction which have taken place in them. One tenement also has been the place of four suicides within the past few years, and the other house have each been the scene of at least one case of self-murder.

The protection of the deer in Vermont will extend until 1900, but the farmers say that if there were not a little hunting the animals would so increase as to be a nuisance before then. They have been eating some of the crops this autumn, are often found in orchards consuming fallen fruit, and an agriculturist in Windsor county complains that they have destroyed his entire crop of buckwheat.

There is a longing among the Japanese for a larger stature. The Mikado's Government has come to the conclusion that both the stature and physique of the Japanese people are unsatisfactory and in need of improvement. A parliamentary Commission appointed to investigate the causes of this lack of stamina has, after prolonged investigation, ascribed it to the vegetable diet to which the Japanese have hitherto mainly confined themselves.

Lee Zanders was taken before a New Hampshire 'Squire a few days ago charged with passing a counterfeit half dollar. He protested his innocence, on the ground that the date of the coin, 1859, showed that it could not have been in circulation so many years without being detected if it was counterfeit. The Justice thought this a logical defence, and the prisoner was discharged. The half dollar was afterward melted with the flame of a candle.

Robert A. Whiteland, of Washington, recently forwarded to the Prince of Wales, through Ambassador Bayard, a photograph taken of the Prince when he was in this country in 1860. It represents a slender youth of 19, and bears little resemblance to the current portraits of his Royal Highness. The Prince, in acknowledging the gift, recalls with pleasure his visit to the United States, "and well remembers sitting for the photograph in question."

"Not only is it very healthy to yawn," says a French physician, but artificial yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh, and like troubles." It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should combine. The reason stated is that during the act of yawning there is considerable stretching of the muscles of the pharynx and soft palate, which are in this way put through a sort of massage. Besides this, in the act of yawning the throat tubes contract and drive into the pharynx the mucus that has accumulated.

It is interesting to note that the salary of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was $40,000 a year, while that of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is $10,500. The Lord Chancellor receives $50 000 a year while in office, and a pension for life of $25,000. The Lords of Appeal get $30,000, and all other Judges $25,000 The income of the British Attorney-General is at least $60,000 a year, against a salary of $8000 for the Attorney-General of the United States. The latter figure is the salary of our Secretary of State, while all the English Secretaries of State get $25,000 a year, and, after serving for a certain time, they are entitled to $10,000 a year for life.

A man with a wonderfully poor memory got lost in New York and went to a small hotel. He was so absent-minded that he couldn't for the life of him remember where his home was. But he had a great head, and sent an advertisement to a newspaper offering $200 reward for himself. After a couple of days the proprietress of the hotel found his address on a card in the corner of one of his pockets, and she called a hack and sent him home. He's now chuckling because she didn't read the newspapers and claim the reward.

Prince Bismarck has a few pet superstitions, among them the old-fashioned objection to Friday and to the number thirteen. His own lucky number is three. His coat-of-arms contains a three-leaved clover, or trefoil; he has three children, three estates; has been in three wars, and has three times dictated peace. He arranged the Triple Alliance, and served three German Emperors. He married three years after he had first seen his wife and fallen instantly in love. This was at a friend's wedding, when she was one of the bridesmaids. That the union was a success is best proved by the Princess' own words. "My husband has put to plan: I regret it, but resign myself. As for me, I do not exist for publicity, but wholly and solely for him."

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THE
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POST

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TO OUR READERS.

In the present number of the POST our readers see it with its new improvements corrected from any shortcomings of the first issue. They will no doubt be pleased with the neater arrangement of the matter, the increase of eight pages and its altogether more convenient shape for handling and reading. As these are only some of the improvements we contemplate for the POST's betterment we would like to know what our readers and subscribers may think of the change.

On First Impressions.

We will at once admit that we expect to disagree with the fanatical believers in the superlative value of first impressions. The few men and many women who are perfectly convinced that they can read character instantaneously and comprehensively, with much more ease than if it was fully set out in print, are not likely to be satisfied with any modification or limitations of their favorite theory. Theirs is an unfair and sometimes a dangerous opinion.

Certainly all of us must trust first impressions for a while, as affording a temporary working hypothesis—something to go on with. The active man of business must largely rely on first impressions. Almost insensibly he arrives at a general decision as to the character of each fresh acquaintance. It does not claim to be complete; suffice it if it serves his special purpose.

In the same way we most of us sketch a few outline strokes on our mental retina of the character of each new acquaintance—an outline that is useful as the beginning of a picture, but is rarely adequate and often not to scale. We judge at first vaguely by feeling, as children judge, pronouncing people promising or unpromising; but to say that it it possible to estimate men and women on the instant, as the player picks up a bat, balances it, springs it, and says he will or will not have it, is to make a fanatical claim for our powers of perception.

First impressions must depend partly upon the mood of the moment, both in the observed and the observer. It cannot be decided that some moods will quite overwhelm all first impressions of a general character. If we surprise a passionate man when a fit of temper has not subsided, or one given to abstraction when there has been recent cause for brooding and absent-mindedness, or, in short, one subject to any special weakness—and which of us is free from weak points?—when the most seamy side of character is being worn outwards, how can it be expected that the impression will be just? Still more is our own prevailing mood likely to warp our judgment. Take as a quite impersonal test the liking for places. In three cases out of four we associate the locality with the feelings that occupied our minds while we were there. There is no place like home, though it may be the bleakest and most forbidding nook in the island.

The cloud that settled on our spirits when we were visiting the prettiest spot in the loveliest district in America put us out of court as a critic. The simple lane where our love-walks were taken remains for all time fairer than the haunts of a thousand artists. However carefully we may detach ourselves from our surroundings and try to be just, we are the creatures of moods, and nobody would like to be permanently judged in accordance with a temporary one.

That sensitive nerves and delicate powers of perception make women swifter in judgment as to character and disposition than men, few will question. In cases of moral attraction or repulsion—particularly repulsion—some women are amazingly gifted with an intuitive sense. They expand or shrink under good or bad influences like flowers under day or night. We all know how personalities play on each other through impalpable influences. Walk the crowded street, and see how a new effect is produced by every passer-by. Every glance sums up a man or a woman, inadequately, no doubt, without any very exact balance, and sometimes probably with injustice; but still a picture is printed on the brain and a character outline completed.

This flabby-faced shuffler with the huddled-up shoulders and peering eyes has engraved on him the fact that he picks up a living without work, and we feel a shrinking from him as our eyes meet and he searches us to see if anything can be gained from us. We must avoid him, if we do not like steeling ourselves to take the upper hand distinctly in our intercourse, or he will trade on our good nature. This woman, dragged down by a large family until her features have all become pointed with petulance, can be read at a glance. Ten years hence she will perhaps be bonny and round-cheeked, and will bear traces of her worried years only in the sharper ring of her voice. Generally it is some weakness in the character that obtrudes itself on the passer-by.

The intensest satisfaction exudes from every pore of this chubby man rolling down the street; we know that he has retired from business well off, contented and fully convinced that success is a true measure of merit. That fine-eyed man without a trace of vanity in figure or countenance, smiling to himself at some thought as he passes, would be worth knowing, but we doubt whether his achievements will equal the expectations of his friends, for there is a trip in his walk which may mean indecision. And so on—every day and hour we are gathering our first impressions, either for use or as a matter of interest. They are as indispensable as experience, and yet too much may easily be made of them. It is chiefly women who, by rushing into hasty opinions, formed at a glance, shut out a part of the world from having a fair chance of a record in their good books.

VOICELESS sorrow, grief that is deeper and more lasting than any that death ever brings, broken hopes, blighted lives and perpetual sadness are covered by the smiling mask of habit and education. One idol after another is shattered, but the well-disciplined mind, after a little time, recovers its balance, the carefully-trained hands remember their cunning, and, with no outward sign of inward desolation, the shipwrecked spirit gathers up the remnant of its life and goes on just the same as before to do the next thing.

IT should be an important part of the education of every child to form within him a true and worthy conception of heroism, and to enable him to recognize it wherever it exists. Too often his only idea of it is found in the sensational romance, or in the examples around him of men who, for praise or glory or gain, will do daring deeds and manifest a physical bravery, often at a fearful cost to their fellow-men. Let us give him a truer ideal and afford him a higher example.

THERE is a pleasure which comes without seeking—that which attends loyalty to the truth and faithfulness to the right. Whoever values these above all other things, and will readily sacrifice for their sakes whatever desire or delight conflicts with them, experiences a joy with which no other can be compared.

SINCERITY in work in any department certainly forbids all impostures, all quackery, all fraud and pretence; but it does not end there. It also demands an absolute loyalty to the work itself, a faithfulness to its objects, an earnest desire for excellence with all that may be involved therein.

WOULD you be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing that you know or suspect to be wrong. Would you enjoy the purest pleasure, do everything in your power which you are convinced is right.

COLORING IN ANIMALS.

IT has long been matter of common observation by naturalists and others that many animals adapt themselves to the color of their surroundings. This is peculiarly true of certain insects, birds and fishes. All anglers, for instance, are aware that each stream has its own particular trout, and that even variously colored trout will be found in different parts of the same stream, according as the soil over which it flows is light or dark in color.

Where the stream flows over clear gravel, you have the trout of a gray mottled tint, so like the general hue of its surroundings that it requires an experienced eye to detect the fish in the water. If the bed of the stream is a bright yellow sand, the fish will be of a rich golden orange hue; if the water passes over mossy ground, then the trout will appear dark, almost black.

Another familiar object to the angler is the caddice-worm, which, for purposes of protection, hides itself in a little crust of bark, or bits of wood and sand, so as to look like a little bit of twig in the bed of the stream.

The object of these changes of color and other devices for self-protection on the part of animals has long been recognized as an adaptation partly involuntary and partly voluntary or instinctive. But it was not until Darwin's speculations and theories as to the origin of species by natural selection had become familiar, that the question of color in animal became of great importance as a factor in the long and complicated process of evolution. Since then, many careful and scientific observers have written on the subject.

In the organization of animal life there are colors that are non-significant and colors that are significant. It has been speculated that orginally the color of all animals was non-significant, and that all the significant colors are due to the selective agency of the animals themselves. The significant colors so acquired have been mainly for protective purposes, or to assist the animal in the struggle for life, both among its own kind and as a means of escape from its enemies of other species.

There are also colors and habits that have been assumed evidently for purely aggressive purposes. The angler-fish, for instance, possesses a lure in the shape of long slender filaments, and when it desires to seize its prey it stirs up the mud in the bottom of its habitat, and when thus partially hidden, waves these filaments about in the muddy water. These have then the appearance of worms writhing in the water, and so small fishes are attracted, and speedily engulfed in the angler's capacious mouth.

In certain deep-sea forms of the same fish, where their habitat is in darkness, certain phosphorescent organs have been developed in the tentacles, by which the fish are lured to their destruction. In the same way, many colors are assumed, as in the foregoing instance, by animals which point only to one object, namely, that of aggression.

But perhaps the largest and most interesting branch of the subject is that which has to do with protective coloring. The zebra is a fine instance of it. Mr. Francis Galton made this observation as far back as 1851: "Snakes and lizards are the most brilliant of animals; but all these, if viewed at a distance, or with an eye whose focus is adjusted not exactly at the animal itself, but to an object more or less distant than it, become apparently of one hue and lose all their gaudiness.

"No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to common idea, than a zebra; but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous, he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight."

Again, many insects, notably in the larval stage of their existence, possess the power of modifying their colors so as to adapt themselves to their environment; not only changing color—from brown to green when on a leaf, and from green to brown when on the ground—but also by assuming a rigid attitude, and so resembling a withered twig. These 'stick caterpillars' afford much interesting study, and they frequently succeed in puzzling their enemies.

"It has sometimes been objected," says Mr. Poulton, "that these methods of concealment cannot be intended as a means of defence, because insect-eating animals would be sharp-sighted enough to disguise. Of course, the progressive improvement in the means of concealment has been attended by a corresponding increase in the keenness of foes, so that no species can wholly escape. But so long as a well-concealed form remains motionless, it is easy to prove by experiment that enemies are often unable to recognize it. Thus I have found that the insect-eating, wood hunting Green Lizard will generally fail to detect a 'stick caterpillar' in its position of rest, although it is seized and greedily devoured directly it moves." The marvelous resemblance of a lichen-feeding larva to the plant on which it feeds, even deceived one of these lizards after the larva had moved more than once. The instant the caterpillar became rigid the lizard appeared puzzled, and seemed unable to realize that the apparent piece of lichen was good to eat. After a few moments, however, the lizard was satified, and ate the caterpillar with the keenest relish. Furthermore, the fact that all well-concealed forms are good for food, and are eagerly chased and devoured by insectivorous animals, while unpalatable forms are conspicuously colored, points strongly towards the conclusion that the object of concealment is defence from enemies.

While the caterpillar seeks to cheat the lizard, the lizards likewise have occasions when it is their business to deceive. An Asiatic lizard, whose general surface has the appearance of the sand on which it is found, has at each angle of the mouth a fold of skin of a red color, produced into a flower like shape exactly resembling a little red flower which grows in the sand. Insects attracted by what they believe to be flowers, approach the mouth of the lizard, and are of course captured.

We waste our coal and our smoke, our gas and our water, our food and other refuse. What we want is more forethought in times of comparative prosperity. The chemists turn scrap iron into ink, old bones into lucifer matches, the shavings of the blacksmith's shop into Prussian blue, fusel oil into oil of apples and pears, the drainings of cow-houses into fashionable perfumery, beggars' rags into new pilot coats, cesspools filth into ammonia, and tar waste into aniline dyes and saccharine. In Paris they first utilize rats to clear the flesh from the bones of carcasses, then kill the rats, use up the fur for trimmings, their skin for gloves, their thigh bones for toothpicks, and their tendons and bones for gelatine wrappers.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L.—Signor is pronounced "seenyor."

L. M. V.—An engagement ring is not considered imperative. The Christian names and the date of betrothal are enough.

M. A.—The straw for hats is bleached by the fumes of burning sulphur. After the hats are made up they are stiffened by being brushed over with a solution of gum tragacanth

ONE-AND-TWENTY.—Lord Bacon said "conversation maketh a ready man;" yes, but reading went before to make a full man. So you must gather up knowledge before you can dispense it. When you became sure of your subject, you will grow fluent and easy in your discourse.

HOMO.—According to the "Language of Flowers," the hop signifies injustice; the rose geranium, preference, apple geranium, present preference; fish geranium, disappointed expectation; nutmeg geranium, an unexpected meeting; scarlet geranium, comforting; pennyroyal, flee away.

VERDAD.—Inez, like Isabella, has become Anglicized as Ines-nes, and is not a very uncommon name in families of Spanish and Portuguese descent. In speaking of Ferdinand and Isabella we should be put down as pedantic, if we were to write the queen's name with its legitimate E, or pronounce it as if so written. So with Inez, as with all other foreign names as they are taken up into our language, the original pronunciation of Een'-yes falls away, and is replaced by that which is current.

NORRIS.—Bees are very fastidious in the matter of smells. They appear to object to the human breath, especially that of persons recovering from illness; therefore, to approach a hive with safety be cautious how you breathe. It is probably chiefly by the sense of smell that bees and ants recognize their friends—that is, the members of the same hive and colony—for bees sprinkled with scented syrup and then introduced into a strange hive will not be molested, as other intruders invariably are.

EMILY P.—You seem to us rather too intimate with the affairs of this dear female friend. Is she not yourself? Do you not tell your own story under that of a third person? This, if so, is all very well, as we cannot quite make out the position of the lover. All men are eccentric in their love affairs. Some are secret and cautious, some garrulous and open; some love firmly, deeply, truly; others break out into surprises, bickerings, quarrels. The lover of whom you speak is a mixture of two of these classes; of which, you can see. He may, however, ere this, have declared himself; if not, let us hear again.

SOMEBODY.—The human voice is one of the greatest marvels we can contemplate, and its range truely astounding, capable of yielding 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds, fourteen direct muscles, alone or together, producing 16,383; and thirty indirect muscles, 178,741,822; and all in co-operation, the number first named, independently of degrees of intensity. The male voice (adult) ranges from bass to tenor, the medium being barytone; the female (adult) from contralto to soprano, the medium termed mezzo-soprano; younger voices (particularly boys') are chiefly alto, or between tenor or treble. Some of our most celebrated singers, both male and female, have possessed an extraordinary compass of voice, reaching up to three octaves.

F. P.—When Count d'Orsay died, in 1852, obituary notices of him said he was beyond all comparison the best bred man in Europe, and stated, as proofs of this, that at a ball, party, or other fashionable assemblage, where his society was sought by the most distinguished personages, he would devote himself to the unnoticed one, to the greenhorns, to the awkward men and women, who did not know what to do with themselves, and by his exquisite tact would make them feel at home, and find them partners to dance with, and so manage affairs that they would be astonished at their own social capabilities, and wonder how things could have got on so satisfactorily if they had unfortunately been absent. This description of Count d'Orsay gives one a clear perception of the meaning of the term well-bred.

HOPE AND TRUST.

BY W. W. LOSH.

When days with sadness darker grow,
And dun clouds hide the sun,
Think not that from your gentle life
Hope is forever done.

Lift up your tender eyes and trust,
Life is not all in vain;
Hold to the anchor of true love,
And be your own self again.

Coming Home.

BY S. E. W.

AN afternoon in late autumn.

The little seaport in the far north in expectation to receive its weekly guest—the mail steamer. And here at last she comes round the point, with a good deal of her red hull showing below the black, as she pitches in the heavy sea. Now she slows up right into the harbor, for the tide is high; and ropes are flung ashore and there is a good deal of shouting across the narrowing gap of smooth water; the engine-bells are clanging and the water is lashed into a turmoil by the screw; the much-enduring fenders are held over the side and take another squeeze uncomplainingly.

Rattle over the gangway and step ashore, ye shivering voyagers!

Why, there is hardly any one to respond to the invitation: only three or four passengers! Foremost among them is a tall, bearded, sunburnt man, with the air of the traveler about him, who looks round the place as he lands with a peculiar glance of pleasure. And however chilled he may be with the biting wind which sweeps in from the open sea, he has a warm glow enough at his heart—for this is Home. Surely it is the sweetest word in our language; and to the long exiled it has a charm which cannot be put into words; it is too sacred.

John Trevanion has been thinking of this moment for months—for years. No wonder his eyes glisten as he steps on the familiar ground again after twelve long years of absence. During this last day or two—since he has reached England—he has been reviewing his old life again; every trivial incident of his boyhood, right up to the time when he was of age; then a feeling of shame comes over him, and he despises himself as he thinks what happened then. Yet he cannot for the life of him help dwelling on the dark spot in his life and torturing himself with bitter, bitter memories of it!

It was a very simple record—that of his life at home with his mother.

Old William Trevanion had died when his son was quite a child, and John's thoughts of his father were shadowy at the best: it was his mother alone whom he had known and loved.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Trevanion had only lived for her son: all her cares were for him. With a mother's unselfishness—and how great that is, who can tell?—she had placed John first, herself last, from the very outset. And John had accepted the position with a boy's selfishness—and is any one more selfish than a boy? Loving his mother, he loved himself more; and his selfishness increased with his years.

The great trouble came from a woman—cherchez la femme; it is still true. Edith Copeland had turned the heads of several young men in the town; John Trevanion's among them. He was infatuated with her: those who saw with clearer eyes wondered that an educated young fellow who had lived with such a refined woman as Mrs. Trevanion could see anything in the girl!

Miss Copeland was an accomplished flirt; she kept John in a fever of delighted expectation for weeks—weeks during which he was deaf to his mother's advice and entreaties—and then she calmly and deliberately threw him over for a newer and richer suitor who suddenly appeared upon the scene in the little drama.

When Trevanion found himself jilted in this cool fashion, he went nearly mad; perhaps he suffered more from the wound to his pride than from anything else. He reviled all womankind, and—I am ashamed to write it—he turned upon his mother, who would have given her life to secure her son's happiness, and reproached her with being the cause of his dismissal. She had never liked the girl, he said, and she had been working for her own ends. Now that she had succeeded, he hoped she was satisfied. He was made wretched for life; would that please her? Of one thing he was certain, he would stay there no longer—to be made a laughing-stock by all the town—to witness Edith's marriage with his rival. And when Mrs. Trevanion tried to reason with him, to show that she had no hand in his abrupt dismissal, he broke away in wrath, and without another word of farewell left the town that same night.

From that time—twelve years ago—he had never seen his mother. He had taken ship for Australia and tried to forget even her. As for the Copeland affair, his heart was very speedily cured of that passion, and the image of the young lady faded with a swiftness that was surprising. He tried, I say, to forget his home and her who had been his best friend. Of course he could not forget. After a year he sent home his address by an acquaintance returning to England. He was too proud that the first advance should come from him, but he would generously give his mother a chance to write and forgive him.

He felt by this time that he needed forgiveness; he had got as far as that.

No answer came from home. The address was mislaid and never delivered. But Trevanion waited and hoped, and in his miserable pride he could not bring himself to write that humbling letter. He buried himself in business, he became rich, and he took no pleasure in his wealth or what it brought him. At last the longing for home was too strong to be resisted, and here he is at the last stage of the long journey.

Trevanion, I say, has been going over the old story; and if ever a man was filled with remorse, with rage at his own folly, with a consuming desire to wipe out the past, with a craving to hear again the tones of the loving voice he remembers so well—this is the man who now steps ashore, lonely and forlorn enough, without a soul to know him, or to greet him, but comforted with the blessed feeling that he has entered the haven of refuge at last. What a fool he has been to put off the return so long!

Trevanion leaves his luggage in charge of a man upon the quay, and walks off into the town. He is so altered from the beardless youth of the long ago that he is not afraid of being recognized. Indeed he has already seen two or three well-known faces which stare suspiciously at him as at a stranger.

The place looks exactly the same, he thinks; not a feature in the landscape seems to be altered. He has himself been through so much, that it is quite surprising to find everything as he knew it in his boyhood, and the people looking very little older. There is the old well-remembered smell of tar and rigging and fish along the quayside; the old harbor-master is standing looking up the harbor out to sea, his hand held up to shade his eyes from the glare of the setting sun, as Trevanion has seen him stand hundreds of times; everything the same everywhere.

The stranger turns up the main street, and as he does so a large brass plate strikes his eye—"T. Lumley, Shipping Agent."

With a sudden thrill he remembers that this is his old rival, and he looks at the house with a good deal of interest. They are just lighting up inside, and Trevanion cannot resist the impulse to look in.

A stout, coarse-looking, well nourished lady, with brilliantly red cheeks, is seated at the table. She is very showily dressed and is decked out with a profusion of cheap jewelry. Trevanion gives a great start as he recognizes the Edith Copeland of old. Gracious powers! Is that the girl he loved, for whom he was ready to sacrifice everything? He had thought he should have died when she jilted him. That the girl for whom he used to sigh day and night for so many weeks? And—oh, humiliating, dreadful thought!—it was for her that he had quarrelled with his mother, with the best mother that any one ever had in this world. It was for her he had wounded the dearest heart that ever beat.

He turns aside from the window with a bitter look upon his face. He is beginning to understand his own folly at last.

But he will make amends now, he thinks. He will be the comfort of his mother's declining years; he will try and make her forget the past; he will see that her life is made happy henceforward.

He now quickens his pace as he walks up the long street. He had felt at first a half desire to linger before entering the old house once more; now he strides along, impatient to be there. He wonders whether his mother will have altered very much. Most of the people he has recognized seem so little changed that he hopes for few signs of age; but the hair may be grayer, he thinks, and the kind face more wrinkled. Trevanion has brought some presents home with him which he knows his mother will like. There is an Indian shawl which he thinks will surprise and please her. He is getting quite near now; his heart begins to beat more quickly.

The sun has now set and darkness is coming on fast; light begin to shine from behind windows, and by contrast it seems to become more cold and miserable in the street. At last he sees the old place not twenty yards before him. It is still all dark; they have not begun to light up inside. He goes straight up to the door in a fever of expectation, and knocks. The noise echoes within as though the place were empty. He knocks again harder. It strikes a chill to his heart that he should have thus to wait for admittance to his own home. He listens and can hear no sound within, and he steps back into the roadway and looks up at the front.

All the windows are dark; all are closed and fastened. The place has a neglected look about it. He notices now that the doorsteps are all covered with dust, the paint is worn off the door, the knocker is nearly rusted off its hinge, some of the windows at the side are broken. The house must be empty; his mother has moved, no doubt.

Trevanion tries not to feel disappointed; he must inquire where Mrs. Trevanion lives now. He has never for a moment

thought she would leave the old place; she had often told him as much. The chill at his heart is more perceptible now; he feels cold all over.

As he turns out of the porch into the cheerless street again, he sees an odd figure in the roadway that he knows well—old Betty Breckon, who used to sell them milk and eggs and such things, and who at this moment has her milk-can in her hand. She does not look a day older than when he left home. He goes up to her and calls out:

"Why, Betty, don't you know me?"

"Know ye," cries Betty, setting down the can and staring at the questioner in the greatest astonishment. "Now, bless my laife, who is it? Not Muster Trevan'on—Muster John, as I used to call ye? Why, Lor' bless ye," seizing both his hands, "wherever have ye been this lang time?"

"Oh, I've been in Australia," says Trevanion. "But, Betty, I've just been home and the house is all shut up. Where has my mother gone?"

His voice trembles in spite of himself as he makes the inquiry.

"Why, Muster John, haven't ye heard?" says Betty, doubtfully, and stops short, her face grown suddenly grave.

"Heard what? For Heaven's sake tell me what you mean?" cries Trevanion, an awful suspicion of the truth becoming stronger every moment.

"She'd dead, my dear—she's dead," sobs old Betty, fairly breaking down. "She died five years ago last Easter. I helped to nurse her, and no blesseder angel lived in this wicked world."

"Amen!" says the other, half under his breath.

"She'd been ailing like for a long time; she never really looked up after you'd gone, Muster John, and at last she was took sudden, and knew she was going and sent for me. Her talk was all about ye at the last. 'My dear boy,' she was always saying; 'my dear boy,' and just before she went, poor soul, she called to me, and 'Betty,' she says, very wistful, 'I should like to have seen my dear son before I go,' and then she could say no more for a long time; but by-and-by she went on, 'If ever he should come back, I want you to give him a note from me,' and she told me where to find it, and I've got it at home," cries Betty, breaking down afresh.

Her listener looked as if he had been turned to stone. He silently followed the old woman as she walked on to her cottage; and when she gave him the letter, he took it and said no word, but strode off again.

So this was the end of it all! All his hopes were blighted in an instant; all that he cared for in life was gone from him. He stopped under the first lamp he came to and mechanically broke the seal of the letter. How well he knew that dear handwriting. Trevanion was quite alone; the street was deserted. He put the letter to his lips and read that last message of love and forgiveness.

It was not a long letter, and when he had read it through, he turned away from the light and burst into a flood of such tears as only come rarely in a lifetime. There was a postscript to the letter which spoke of Mrs. Trevanion's will and of the lawyer who held the document. But he hardly noticed that; he felt that he had only one duty to perform.

He walked up to the churchyard that overlooked the harbor. Just at the top of the hill, as he opened the little creaking gate, the moon, which had now risen, shone out from behind a cloud and lit up the old church and the little cluster of stones grouped around it. Trevanion knew many of the names that were written there; he used to read the inscriptions when he was a boy. Here was the corner one, a type of many there: "Thomas Jones, mariner, of this parish, drowned at sea," on such a date. How carelessly he had been used to glance at these records. They struck him now with a peculiar pathos.

Trevanion knew the position of his father's grave, and he walked, trembling, up to where the weeping ash cast its shadow, faint in the moonlight, on to the turf. A new stone had been erected there. By the pale light he could just read the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Mary Trevanion"—with a sentence from the oldest and best of books, which asked for comfort and help for the living until the meeting of the friends parted on earth.

The man fell on his knees beside the grave. And what better altar can be desired before which to kneel and ask forgiveness for a great wrong done?

PARIS THIEVES AND THEIR WAYS.

The ingenuity of the Paris thief is exercised in all manner of ways, and the methods adopted in order to gain his ends, or carry out any previously arranged plan successfully, compare favorably as regards originality and boldness with those in favor with his more stolid, but equally unscrupulous, brother in England.

None but a Paris thief would have seen an opportunity for "business" in the following incident.

Going to their lodgings one night two young fellows discovered that not only they, but every other inmate in the house, stood a very likely chance of being in the streets all night. It was a large house let out, as is usual in some parts of Paris, in apartments, and boasted of a concierge. On this particular evening the concierge had walked out some little distance, leaving the house empty, and on his return discovered to his chagrin (and that of the lodgers who then began to arrive) that he had shut the door on departing and forgotten to take the latch-key.

No key which he borrowed from the neighbors fitted the lock, and as all the Paris locksmiths had closed hours before, there was every probability that no entrance would be gained until morning. Then the two young fellows mentioned above arrived.

They at once took the bull by the horns, and decided to wake up a locksmith. Bidding the others not to worry until their return, they departed on their errand.

Going along a bye-street, one of them stumbled against a man (who had been hiding in a doorway and accosting him in a jocular manner, said—

"I suppose you don't happen to have a set of skeleton keys or a jemmy about you?"

"Why?" was the response.

The young men explained their difficulty, and, much to their surprise, discovered that the man really did possess the articles asked for, and on a promise of secrecy and payment (cash down) of five francs, he undertook to assist them.

The preliminaries being settled, the two young fellows and the burglar—for burglar he was—hastened back to the house.

"Ah," said the man, when he saw the company collected outside, "there is an easier way. Two of you hoist me up so that I can catch hold of that shoot; then I can push back the window-fastening upstairs, descend, and open the door from the inside."

He was hoisted, and entered the house by the window, and the lodgers waited anxiously for the door to be opened. Half an hour passed and no signs appeared of their gaining an admittance. Presently it was decided that one of the lodgers should be assisted to enter by the window.

This was agreed upon, and the lodgers eventually went to their rooms, only to discover that the man whose services they had engaged had gathered together everything portable that was of any value and let himself out by the back door.

For audacity, the following method of accomplishing a robbery—the details of which recently appeared in a French newspaper—would be hard to beat. It is called the coup de la tabatiere, or snuff-box trick. Got up as an old and apparently decrepit man, and attired in garments which bear unmistakable signs of their owner's tendency to snuff-taking, a swindler of this sort will enter a jeweler's shop, and mentioning something about a present for his grand-daughter, will ask to be shown some watches, chains and rings.

When a goodly collection has been placed on the counter, the snuff-box is brought into play. While chatting about the prices of the various articles, the old man takes a pinch of snuff and politely holds the box forward, apparently in order that the shopman may indulge in a pinch. Suddenly up goes his hand, the whole of the contents of the snuff box is thrown into the shopman's eyes, and before he has recovered from the shock, the erstwhile octogenarian and invalid is careering down the street, carrying with him all the stock he could lay his hands on.

FORGOT TO SHAKE THE BOTTLE.—Although it is not given to everyone to know exactly what to do at the right moment, one woman at least can lay claim to a presence of mind which may, without exaggeration, be considered phenomenal.

[illegible] was suffering from some trifling ch[illegible] complaint, which necessitated his taking medicine. He had just received his dermal dose, when his mother somewhat excitedly exclaimed—

"I quite forget to shake that bottle afore givin' it you, Johnnie. Coum here—quick!"

Johnnie obeyed, and much to his astonishment and disgust was at once subjected to a vigorous shaking by the strong arms of his mother, at the conclusion of which he was gently laid down with the remark—

"There, my laddie, that'll dae. It should be gey weel mixed up noo, I'm thinkin'; but never let me forget to shake the bottle again!"

The only high school in Iceland is at Reykjavik, and it has been in operation for over a year. The principal subjects taught are Icelandic in its grammar and literature, Danish, English, Slojd, wood carving, arithmetic and singing, to which from two to eight hours a week are devoted; but the foremost place in the educational system is given to tailoring, by which the hours from ten to two are occupied during four days in the week. This is because there are no tailors in Iceland, and the women must make the men's clothes as well as their own. Cooking is also practically taught.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the [illegible] Fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a [illegible] treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is [illegible] upon the blood and [illegible] surfaces of the system, thereby [illegible] the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Great Discovery!

OXYDONOR "VICTORY."

Cures all forms of Disease without Medicine or Electricity.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, EFFECTIVE HOME TREATMENT

GRATEFUL CERTIFICATES OF SELF CURES TO

DR. H. SANCHE,

261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

1221 N. 19TH ST., PHILA., PA., May 21, 1893.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—I would state that if I were unable to replace my "Victory" that I purchased from you, would not part with it for a thousand dollars ($1,000). It has prevented me from spending a single cent for medicine since I purchased it. It has cured me of a bad case of Diphtheretic Sore Throat, and helped me in stomach trouble, as I have never been helped by any doctor; and has broken up and cured severe and very bad colds in my family, and I firmly believe, if used properly, will cure any curable disease.

HARRY H. CRAMER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 2, 1893.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—I have used Oxydonor "Victory" on several occasions, and have been greatly relieved by its use. I would cheerfully recommend it to others.

Very truly yours,
R. VALJEAN WEST,
509 Arch Street.

CHESTER, PA., May 20, 1893.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—After using Oxydonor "Victory" for Muscular and Sciatic Rheumatism, I am happy to say it accomplished for me all that you claimed for it, and in much less time than I expected, and it has enabled me to follow my business which requires a good deal of walking, which I could not have done but for the use of "Victory." I feel like a new man, and cannot say too much in its praise.

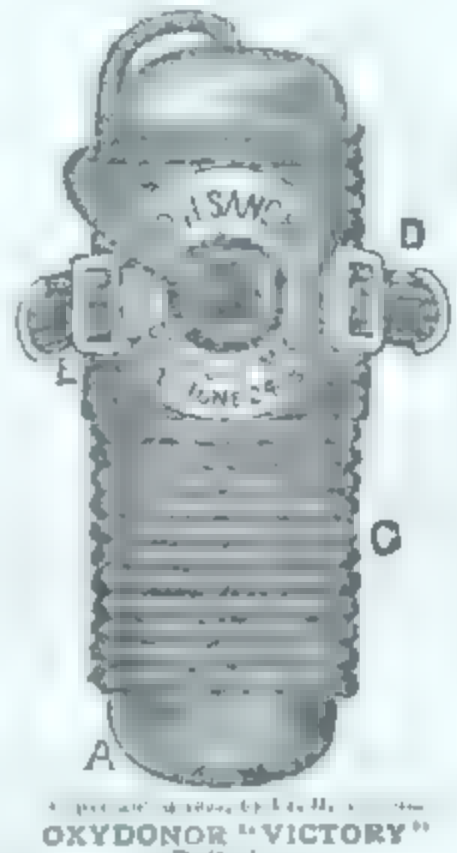
It cured my wife of Rheumatism in her hand and she now praises it everywhere.

HAMILTON LUTTON.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., May 8, 1893.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—In reply to your request for a statement of the benefits received from the use of Oxydonor "Victory," would say in my case it has been entirely satisfactory. I would not be willing to part with it on any account, if I could not get another.

I commenced the use of "Victory" the second week of February, 1893. Up to that time for the last thirty years (except at short intervals), I was compelled to take medicine at every meal for indigestion, procured either from my doctor or druggist. I am glad to be able to write you that since the time mentioned above, I have had no occasion for medicine of any



OXYDONOR "VICTORY"
Rolled up.

kind—to me it seems just wonderful. My general health has greatly improved since using "Victory," and I propose to continue its use. I am recommending "Victory" as opportunity offers.

Believe me very much in love with "Victory." Yours truly,

J. B. STOCKTON.

2454 E. CUMBERLAND ST.,
PHILA., June 3d, 1893.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—Yours received, and will say that Capt. Miller has used "Victory" with very pleasing results. On account of his being so strong a man, he had to use very strong force, but claims he is now well of Rheumatism and would not take one hundred dollars for "Victory" if he could not get another. It has really made a wonderful change in him; he is entirely free from Rheumatism, and has a good appetite which had been very poor for months previous to using "Victory."

Yours truly,
MRS. CAPT. A. B. MILLER.

PHILADELPHIA,, June 3, 1893.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—"Victory" has worked wonders in our family. My husband has always been troubled with Constipation, but "Victory" has relieved him entirely, so that he is regular and has no need for medicine. The Rheumatism that for years has affected his shoulder and back has ceased to trouble him, and his general health much improved.

Some time since, I had a bad sprain of my ankle, which swelled to twice its natural size in a short time. I applied the instrument, which eased the pain in half an hour, and in two days I was able to be about the house attending to my work. It has been used in the family for Colds, Neuralgia and Toothache, producing immediate relief. It has also been used for General Debility and other ailments with best results; in fact, it has been our dependence for every ailment in the family for six months, and I cannot too highly recommend it for general and special uses.

We would not think for a moment of doing without your "Victory" as our family doctor.

Yours truly,
MRS. CHARLES E. BODINE,
1004 Mount Vernon Street.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Nov., 21, 1891.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—I have used Dr. Sanche's "Victory" for the last two years, and I have found that I have derived great benefit from its use. I consider it one of the greatest health restorers of the present age, and no money would buy mine if I could not get another.

F. M. HALLOCK.

MARLBOROUGH HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY, April 25, 1892.
DR. H. SANCHE:

Dear Sir—I feel that I cannot be too lavish in my praise of your wonderful invention—Oxydonor "Victory." From my own personal experience I can say that no amount of gold could take the place of this little instrument.

Last summer I had a severe attack of Pneumonia, followed by Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. I was attended by the best physicians, but they failed to relieve me. I tried different remedies, but they also failed. Finally my attention was called to your method of treating disease. I immediately purchased a "Victory," and it worked such marvels on me that I purchased another for my wife. Oxydonor "Victory" cured me in two weeks, and I have been well ever since.

In addition to this, I have found it indispensable in my profession. When I am completely exhausted from playing a heavy part, I apply "Victory" at night, and all traces of exhaustion have vanished by morning. I consider it invaluable.

Yours truly, DIGBY BELL.

IMPORTANT.—If you are interested in this advertisement you should write to DR. H. SANCHE at once, as it will not appear again.

Ed. SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our Young Folks.

KING CHARLES AND HIS COOK.

BY E. W.

CHARLES VII. of France, in his old age, was terribly afraid of being poisoned. He looked with suspicion upon his courtiers; he dreaded his servants; he dared not touch a morsel of food without first making sure that it had not been meddled with.

In short, there was not a more miserable being in the whole of France than its sovereign.

One comfort Charles had, however. In the royal kitchen were four cooks, named Taillevent—all brothers—and the king knew that these men were absolutely faithful to him. He accordingly distributed them among his four palaces; and each day sent to one or other of them some live game, to be killed and dressed for his dinner.

But it was always kept a profound secret, and no one knew, until a few hours before the time, where his Majesty intended to dine that day.

About this time the whole of Picardy was ringing with accounts of the wonderful cures wrought by a monk named Didier, who was traveling about collecting alms to build a monastery.

At length the monk had an interview with Charles at Fontainebleau; and the king was much impressed with the merits of the holy man.

"Canst thou keep a secret?" he at length inquired, eyeing him narrowly.

"With my life, sire," replied the monk fervently.

"Then," whispered Charles, "to morrow I dine at my palace of Beaute."

The monk did not at first understand that this was the secret; but then he vowed again to preserve it faithfully.

"To Beaute do then repair; and we will confer at more length," said Charles. "I will furnish thee with a letter to my almoner."

He then retired to his cabinet, accompanied by his old secretary, and dictated to him the following letter:—

"MESSIRE JEAN D'AUSSY,—I send you a holy person whom I love and esteem; do not be surprised. I desire that he be hospitably entertained by you, in my Castle of Beaute, with all honor and the greatest secrecy. I have high and mighty designs in reference to this noble bird, who seeks to build a holy nest for the faithful. May Heaven preserve you in health.

"CHARLES."

Then with his own hand, as it was a much more important matter, the king wrote to his cook, as follows:—

"MASTER TAILLEVENT,—On pain of death, be secret! It is my royal will that to-morrow I shall dine at my Castle of Beaute. To this end I send you the accompanying live game; and you will kill it an hour after sunrise. Such is our royal will; wherefore fail not. "CHARLES."

And now, doubtless, you will guess what happened. The old secretary made a mistake: gave Father Didier the letter meant for the cook, and sent a groom with a bittern in a cage to the king's almoner, the Bishop of Langres.

The latter read the letter in great bewilderment, while the bittern screamed and fluttered about the cage.

"Have you no one with you, nothing but this bird?" he asked, turning to the groom in astonishment.

"That's all," returned the man; "and I never want to see a worse-tempered creature. He tried all the way to bite me."

The bishop shook his head and gave the riddle up. If this bird were a "holy person," then the king had very odd ideas upon the subject of holiness. And he wondered whether his royal master had not taken leave of his senses.

There was nothing to be done, however, so he took up the cage and carried it to his own apartment, the "holy person" trying all the time to get at him with his bill.

In the meantime Taillevent had read the letter presented to him by the monk, who was surprised to find himself sent to so humble a personage as the cook.

"Well!" observed Taillevent at last, sticking the letter in his belt, "and where is the game?"

"The game?" repeated Didier.

"Ay, the game—the bird?"

"I have brought none," replied the monk. "What nonsense is this?"

Taillevent read the letter again, and a look of horror came into his face. Could it be that his royal master meant him to put the monk to death?

"Reverend father, have you really brought with you no animal or bird for me to cook?" he asked again.

"No, Sir Jester; I brought only your master's commands to treat me hospitably."

"In that case, follow me," said the cook, in a tragic voice.

That night poor Taillevent spent in tears and despair. He did not know what to do; for kings have a way of expecting their commands to be strictly obeyed. Yet it was impossible that Charles could seriously think of dining off a monk, even though he were a fat and rosy one, like Father Didier.

The cook decided at last to show the letter the king's letter; and it was astonishing how pale the poor monk turned.

Down he fell upon his knees, and implored the other not to kill him.

"If I could only be sure it was a mistake," groaned the cook.

"It is, it is! I promise you," cried the monk eagerly; "and I will tell you a safe way out of the business. Listen!"

Taillevent's face began to clear as the monk explained his plan.

"Will not that do?" cried Didier anxiously, as he finished.

"Yes, I think we may safely risk it," said Taillevent, with a deep sigh of relief.

* * * * * *

The king arrived, sad and hungry; he had been afraid to eat anything all day. The bishop met him at the door, and Charles bade him bring the holy person confided to his care to the dining-hall.

"He is indeed a noble bird," said the bishop perplexed, "but of a quarrelsome disposition methinks."

Upon entering the hall the king uttered an exclamation of surprise. There upon the table was a pie, the like of which, for size, he had never beheld before. It was enormous; gigantic!

"How now, what means this?" cried the monarch, beginning at once to suspect treachery.

At that instant the bishop appeared with the bittern, which had escaped from the cage and was hanging on his arm by its bill.

"Look, sire," screamed the unfortunate prelate, "how this holy person condescends to bite!"

The king turned very pale as he saw the bird.

"An the bittern be still alive, what is in the pie?" he demanded sternly.

Upon this the pie began to shake, the crust rose, and a man's head appeared, followed by his shoulders; and the monk—for it was he—fell upon his knees in the middle of the pasty, presenting a very curious spectacle, as may well be imagined.

It was now the moment for Taillevent to step forward with the letter that had so puzzled him; and everything was soon explained. Charles, who had been dreadfully alarmed, extended his royal pardon to all concerned in the mishap; but what his Majesty had for dinner, instead of the monk, is one of the things that I really cannot tell you.

THRUSH AND HAWTHORN.—Cowslips, buttercups, and daisies sprinkled the green fields one sunshiny day in May; the trees were sweet with beautiful pink and white blossoms; the birds sang; the brooks danced in the sunlight: everywhere there was joy, and warmth, and life, and fragrance.

In the midst of a thick hawthorn bush in a hedge, a thrush and his wife had their nest; and whilst Mrs. Thrush was sitting on her five large green eggs spotted with purple, Mr. Thrush sang his best to amuse her.

"Oh dear! Mr. Thrush," said a timid little hawthorn blossom; "how charming it is to sing as you do—you enchant us! And then you can fly away when you like, whilst I am fixed here, and only live a few days. Oh dear! I am of no use to anyone!"

"Don't say that!" said the thrush, stopping his song, and looking at her admiringly so that she blushed pinker than ever. "You are a great deal of use: you delight the sight and the smell. Then when you are dead you are useful, whilst I am only fit to be stuffed and put in a horrid glass case."

"I of use when I am dead?" said the blossom, astonished. "Oh! what can you mean?"

"Why, in your place comes a wholesome red berry. Then when the ground is frozen hard, and there are no fat slugs, delicious snails, or juicy worms and caterpillars to be had, we birds feed on the berries, and are kept alive to sing again next spring. What does it matter whether our lives are long or short, if we do all the good we can whilst we are here, and leave good names behind us?"

'Oh dear! Mr. Thrush," said the blossom; "how you comfort me! To know I am of use now, and after I am dead, makes me die happy."

She looked very feeble, for the sun had grown fierce, and down to the ground she fell dead.

"I am sorrow she is dead," said the thrush; "she was a nice little thing."

So he gave a tender little song over the withered flower. Then he flew off to fetch his wife's dinner. A. H. A.

SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.—There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "Who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are almost always peevish, irritable, and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of a darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out, than to lie long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep till he wakens himself, and give him such variety and amount of outdoor exercise as shall make him glad when bed-time returns.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The smallest humming bird weighs 20 grains.

Montreal's big bridge is almost two miles long.

It takes a snail exactly 14 days and five hours to travel a mile.

It is said that 32,000 varieties of goods are manufactured from wool.

Soap was an unknown article in Corea until introduced by the missionaries.

The pulsation of an infant is from 130 to 140 a minute; of an old man, 75 to 80.

Needles of bone, very delicately made, have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings.

The yearly average of persons sentenced to penal servitude in England and Wales has decreased from 2339 in 1859 to 833 in [illegible].

Glasgow has an underground railway in operation and two more under construction.

The tomato is a native of South America, and takes its name from a Spanish word.

Scores of amulets, evidently worn to keep off the evil spirits, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh.

There are 2000 native-born Chinese in California, and it is said that many of them will vote two years hence.

It is said that the secretary bird, in attacking venomous serpents, uses one wing as a shield and the other as a club.

It is said that the first book printed in America came from the press of the City of Mexico in 1535. It was a Catholic book of devotion.

Two Chinese astronomers are said to have been put to death by the Emperor for getting drunk on the night when an eclipse was due.

In France large quantities of charcoal are made from seaweed. Twenty tons of fresh, or four tons of dry, seaweed, produce one ton of charcoal.

While the attorneys were arguing his case, George Burns escaped from Justice Gibbons' court in Chicago, and, stealing a horse and buggy, enjoyed liberty for three hours.

More than 200 French cities have resolved to erect statues in honor of the late President Carnot, and it is expected that soon almost every French town will have a Carnot street or square.

German mineralogists have discovered that some of the gold mines worked by the ancient Romans in central Portugal will yield a handsome profit still if worked by modern methods.

The shark is the fastest swimmer of the fish tribe over long distances, and finds no difficulty in keeping up with the swiftest vessels, swimming and playing round them, and ever on the lookout for morsels, small or large.

The precautions which have been taken for the protection of the President of the French Republic have in no way been relaxed. The police bicycle corps is now used for this service whenever the President drives about Paris.

The steamer Cevic, which arrived at Boston recently from Liverpool, brought what is probably the largest log of mahogany that ever came to this country. It is 45 feet long and 4 feet thick. It weighs 7½ tons and comes from Africa.

Delaware is not a densely populated State, but were Texas as thickly peopled her population would be about 25,000,000. Were Texas as numerously peopled as Massachusetts her population would exceed by 10,000,000 the total population of the United States according to the census of 1890. More impressive still, if Texas were as densely peopled as Rhode Island her population would be more than 88,000,000.

NEST-BUILDING INSECTS.

INSECTS that excel every other of their kind in the variety and charm of their dwellings belong to the order Hymenoptera. To this order appertain species among the most interesting of insects; the group containing the bee and the wasp is especially attractive. Perhaps this is more particularly the case with the Social species, or those that dwell together in communities; but the Solitary ones are sufficiently remarkable. The latter not only merit attention for their own sake; there is this to be said in favor of observing their comparatively simple economy, that thereby may be gained a clearer insight into the works of the Social series; and from the less elaborate of these a better understanding of the complex arrangements and all the difficult questions connected with the hive.

Among the great family of Bees the so-called Miners make admirable subterranean burrows. "Andrena vicina," a common form, spends the early days of spring in idleness among the flowers; suddenly, about the month of May, it turns from sloth and sets to work, literally tooth and nail, with spade-like jaws and busy [illegible].

In some grassy field eventually, a perpendicular hole is sunk, six inches to a foot deep, having a rounded chamber at the end, and several short accessory burrows which radiate from the main shaft. While the gallery is rough-hewn, the cells are coated with a mucous-like secretion. A ball of pollen mingled with honey is deposited in every chamber with an egg, and the entrance to the hole being sealed, the bee's labors are now complete.

Solitary, imprisoned each in its cell, the eggs hatch, those in the highest ones first; the grubs feast on the pollen masses, and grow fat; at the beginning of August change to pupæ or the resting-stage, and towards the end of that month seem to conclude their transformations, and make their debut in the world as perfect bees.

A curious fact as regards these bees is the invasion of their homes by obscure visitors. Stranger-bees, clad in gay fantastic colors, frequently effect their entrance to the Miners' premises. What the business of the intruders really is has not been definitely ascertained, probably they place their eggs on the food accumulated by the working-bee, and close the cell; and the industrial, finding an egg laid, starts a fresh cell for its own progeny.

Clearly, the parasitism does not go the length of causing the death of the host, for the young of the parasitic Nomada or cuckoo-bee has been seen in cells also containing the young of the rightful owner. Thief and inheritor, therefore, must feed on the same pollen mass, which is inadequate for the nourishment of both; or the hostess, discovering the foreign egg in her nest, stocks additional provision, to ensure the proper development of her larva.

More saving of labor, the little green Ceratina, a pretty bee, chooses a branch of briar or bramble, elder or syringa, for its nest. Clearing out the stems, it builds cells of amazing nicety, drawing a thin cloth of silk across either end of the dainty chambers, which are placed at nearly equal intervals apart.

The characteristics of one of these families may be at once recognized in Ammophila. Large gay species of Ammophila come from Africa; their bodies and legs black; their wings a deep brown color, adorned with a brilliant iridescence, vying with some of the Asiatic species, with black bodies, legs yellow, and smoke wings, likewise showing iridescent purple. Only a species or two inhabit Britain. With fiery zeal, their wings and antennæ quivering with excitement, the mothers dig burrows for their young.

Having stung their prey, they do not fly with it directly and boldly forward, but walk backwards, dragging it behind them in their mandibles and forelegs, and display ingenuity and perseverance in managing at last to stow it away in the selected hiding-place. To the family belong some notable masons; slender and unfit to bear burdens as they appear, raising cell after cell of mud with greatest intelligent and assiduity, out-of-doors and indoors, often in the oddest spots imaginable. As soon as a cell is finished, the wasp goes hunting, armed with its terrible sting, chiefly for spiders, and as many as twenty may be packed in one cell. Brave but prudent, it approaches the web with circumspection, its aim to take the snarer unawares, for if once it touches the spider, resistance is over; but sometimes the spider is ready for the combat, and, dexterous with its own weapons, succeeds in paralyzing the movements of the Hymenoptera by its fine silk threads.

Taken as a whole, the true Solitary wasps somewhat resemble the Fossores in their habits. The perfect insects sustain themselves by sucking flowers; but they attack spiders, larvæ, and other animals, stupefying them with their poison to the state of mummies, to provide abundant food for their offspring.

Certain of these wasps appear to establish a link between the Solitaries and Socials by their habits, for Zethus, although undoubtedly solitary insects, form nests composed of a few irregular cells, but agglomerated, a tendency probably towards the construction of numerous regular cells arranged side by side on the general plan. Most of the Solitary wasps do not group their cells, however confusedly, but disperse them into different positions.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company, it touches her pride and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party, the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

GOOD-BYE FEMININE.—Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it—"Good-bye!" "Good-bye! Come down and see us soon." "I will. Good-bye!" "Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up." "I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time." "I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully." "Did she now? That was too bad! Be sure and bring her next time." "I will; and you be sure and bring the baby." "I will. I forgot to tell you that he's cut another tooth." "You don't say so! How many has he now?" "Five. It makes him awfully cross." "I dare say it does this hot weather. Well good-bye! Don't forget to come down." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-bye!" And they separate.

YOUR FACE.

BY W. W. L.

Though now your face is hid from me,
By shadows of the night,
I know the day will dawn again
When we shall meet in light.

Hope bids me watch and wait,
Soon will be bright the skies;
And though its radiance I'll see
Your lovely face arise.

RITES AND CEREMONIES.

Some singular customs in relation to funerals, not generally known amongst our people, prevail in other lands, and many of those with which travelers have made us familiar appear, nevertheless, somewhat strange to us.

A recent resident in Valparaiso states that the Chilians make a funny side even to a funeral. The more degraded class look upon the death of a relative as an excuse for wild orgies, and the body, especially if it be that of a child, is kept in the house for festive purposes for many days after death, and sometimes even lent to friends who are not so fortunate as to possess a corpse of one of their relatives.

On the Continent we find a great variety in funeral ceremonies and observances. In Paris more outward manifestations of respect are paid to the dead than in any other city. When a funeral passes through the street it is the custom for all the men to take off their hats and bow their heads until the cortege has passed, women expressing their sorrow by the conventional curtsey.

As a contrast to this, a funeral in St. Petersburg is considered quite a jolly affair, outward expressions of sorrow, etc., being delegated to professional mourners, who abound in the city. The employment of these "mourners," is general—the richer the deceased, the bigger the funeral—and many of the inhabitants gain a good living by simply mourning for other people. They are expected to fill the church with hideous moans and yells, and at the grave they must—and do—scream and yell as though suffering the wildest paroxysm of grief. If their employer is satisfied that these duties have been carried out in an efficient and satisfactory manner, the mourners—in addition to their remuneration, which varies from one to five silver roubles—are entertained at a banquet after the funeral is over.

It is in Italy, however, where many of the funeral customs have remained unchanged from the Middle Ages to the present time, that the poetry of burial is brought out more fully than in any part of the world. Many of the customs, besides being picturesque and beautiful, are extremely touching. Even so far back as the days of the Roman Republic, the mourning and sacrifices were continued for nine days, and, by the women, mourning habiliments were worn for a year after the death of a near relative. The funeral procession was an observance in which all connected with the deceased took part. This procession always took place at night, and was headed by men who sang the funeral song. Then the corpse, in the mouth of which a coin was placed to pay his ferriage across the Styx, was carried on a couch generally by freed men. The family followed, the men with heads uncovered, the women with dishevelled hair, beating their breasts and uttering piercing cries. Finally the corpse was placed on the funeral pyre, which the nearest relative kindled, and while it was being consumed, perfumes, oil, food, and clothing were thrown on the pyre.

Amongst many other old customs which have survived till to-day is the Misericordia, a confraternity at Florence for the care of people injured by accident and their burial in the case of death. The members of the society are never seen in public without wearing a masking hood and habit, and while performing their duties they defy individual identification.

In Venice much pomp is displayed, especially if the deceased was a noble or high dignitary of state. The funeral gondola, highly decorated, becomes a perfect blaze of lights and torches as it passes through the city to the necropolis. In the case of a young woman, the ceremony of conveying the body to the grave is full of poetry and grace. Reclining on a raised couch covered with flowers, the dead girl, "floating on her funeral bier," like Elaine the maid of Astolat, is conveyed to an island, and after the preliminary service the requiem begins, and loving hands place the body in its last resting-place.

DISCOURAGEMENT.—The first man who ventured to suggest coal for fuel, steam for locomotion, gas for lighting, electricity for power, the inventors of the plough, the spinning-wheel, the printing-press, the sewing-machine, the discoverer of every new country, the founder of every new interprise, have all had their hopes derided, their plans discouraged, their failure prophesied. Had it not been for the firm faith, the courage, the patient persistence of these men, triumphing over their cruel discouragements, we should not now be enjoying the results of their labors. But, although they succeeded in spite of opposition, how many unnoted failures may not have been due to a similar influences! How many humble souls may have had great thoughts and hopes burning within them that have been quenched by the cold waters of discouragement and for ever lost!

PROFESSOR KARL PEARSON, a mathematician of European repute, by means of applied mathematics, has calculated exactly what are the odds for or against certain events happening at roulette, and, having attested tables showing what are the actual facts at Monte Carlo, he found deviations from the fixed laws of probabilities. That led him to the conclusion that Monte Carlo roulette is, from the standpoint of exact science, "the most prodigious swindle of the nineteenth century."

SOLVING A PROBLEM.—Oriental justice sometimes finds a parallel in Russia, where judges and lawyers see no difficulty in arriving at eccentric decisions and taking the most of the nut for themselves, leaving the shell for plaintiff and defendant.

One day, at a village market, a shoemaker bought a calfskin of a farmer for two and a half roubles, and, having no money with him, went home to procure it.

The farmer, meanwhile, sold the skin to a second buyer for three roubles. Then the original buyer returned, and when he discovered the trick that had been played was so indignant that a quarrel ensued, and the matter was brought before a justice

"You bought the skin first?" said the latter to the shoemaker, after carefully listening to the evidence.

"Yes."

"For how much?"

"Two and a half roubles."

"Have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Put it on the table."

Then turning to the second buyer, the justice asked—

"You bought the skin afterward and paid for it?"

"Yes."

"How much did you pay?"

"Three roubles."

"You have the skin?"

"Yes."

"Put it under the table."

The man obeyed, and the farmer was next addressed—

"You agreed to sell for two and a half roubles, and as the buyer did not return promptly with the money, you sold the skin to another for three roubles?"

"Yes."

"Have you the three roubles?"

"Yes."

"Put them on the table."

When this had been done the judge delivered his decision—

"The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining without money, and thereby endangering the peace of the town. The second buyer is to blame for outbidding another, and the seller for dealing with people without money. Now, all three of you go! March!"

And they went perforce, leaving skin and money behind them.

RAISED IT HIMSELF.—A young botanist was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen through the conservatories, and explaining to them the properties of some of the choicest plants and flowers. Among the visitors was a middle-aged lady, who, at every description on the part of the lecturer, volunteered the statement that the plants and flowers she had at home were quite equal to anything exhibited at the Botanical Gardens. Just as they were passing the giant cactus, she was heard to exclaim—

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary; I have a cactus at home that is still larger; I planted and reared it myself."

"Reared it yourself!" the professor gently observed. "How remarkable! This specimen is sixty-three years old, and if yours is still larger——"

The lady did not stay to hear any more, but executed a strategic movement to the rear.

COLORS FOR GLASS.—Gold, is employed to impart to glass a beautiful ruby color. Sub-oxide of copper gives a red color. Silver in all states of oxidation, gives a variety of beautiful yellow and orange colors to glass. Antimony, lead and silver, in combination, are employed to produce the inferior yellow color. The oxides of iron give to glass various shades of green, yellow, red, and black. Oxide of chromium gives a fine green, and oxide of cobalt a splendid blue. The color most value, next to that produced by gold, is the yellow communicated by oxide of uranium, which has an appearance resembling shot-like. White glass or enamel is made by adding either arsenic or the oxide of tin to the melted metal. The various metals used in coloring glass are employed in the manufacture of artificial gems, and by their means the color and general appearance are well imitated.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A gown of rose pink crepon, with short full skirt sewn to a round waist, is tastefully trimmed with Swiss embroidery. The skirt is very full, and has a five-inch hem, but is without adornment. The full bodice droops slightly over a belt of Swiss embroidery. The front has three longitudinal stripes of half-inches in width, is stitched to the waist to form a very short square zouave jacket with mitred corners. The puff sleeves are striped longitudinally with insertion, and over the shoulders fall square epaulettes, edged with embroidery.

The frock would also be charming fashioned in white pique, and garnished with heavy beurre lace.

Pretty little low-necked dresses to be worn with guimpes are fashioned with round necks finished by an accordion pleated ruffle. Some have ruffles to finish the armhole, while others have short puffed sleeves. The suspender dress is also a very chic little model for this purpose. It is made with a full skirt and straight or pointed belt. Braces fastened to the belt back and front pass over the shoulders and keep the skirt in position. These braces may be of ribbon, forming large bows on the shoulders, or they may be of cloth and have buckles on the shoulders. Sometimes the back brace passes over the shoulder and as far as the yoke-line in front, where it is finished in a point and fastened to the front brace by a silver buckle. These dresses are pretty to be worn with white guimpes or made of pretty plaids and accompanied by a guimpe of solid color. For school dresses they are appropriate made in red, trimmed with black soutache braid. The black velvet guimpe has deep cuffs and collar of lace.

A stylish little French coat is in biscuit-colored faced cloth. It fits snugly at the shoulders, but is so sloped that the skirt hangs in full folds. These fronts extend only from the armhole to the neck, thus leaving a very broad opening from the neck to the edge of the skirt. This space is filled by a full front, confined at the waist by a belt of green cloth. The loose coat is finished by a deep sailor collar of lace, which in the front forms large revers, terminating in a point at the knees. Over this is a smaller collar of biscuit cloth, edged with green and forming in the front square revers terminating at the yoke line. The sleeves are full puffs, finished at the elbow by a gauntlet puffs edged with green.

This coat should be lined with silk and interlined with flannel or wadding. Being loose from the neck, it is especially commendable to be worn over yoke gowns.

A chic little coat in electric blue faced cloth had full skirt and short round waist. Covering the waist was a large cape, with square revers, cape and revers bordered with chinchilla fur. The large gigot sleeves had deep cuffs of chinchilla, and the coat was fastened with large pearl buttons.

Coats and jackets come out when they please, in green, nasturtium, dahlia and blue, and think themselves modestly quiet in brown. Brown velvet Eton jackets, sleeveless and double-breasted, are October wear. As the days shorten, heavy furs, too heavy for comfort, carry one to Russia in imagination.

Lighter and more suitable for most weathers are the figured black satin York coats, with jet covered revers, huge sleeves and sable edgings; or the round brocade capes, with Vandyked points of fur and gay silk linings; or the rough cloth redingotes with three shoulder capes lined with changeable taffeta; or, the golfing capes with their tartan plaid linings.

A pretty wrap for carriage wear has stole fronts of pale blue green cloth, and is fastened at the throat with a great buckle set with chrysoprase.

Velvet coats have guipure lace laid on smoothly over them, reaching below the arms and fastening behind. The sleeves have voluminous silk puffs with deep lace below the elbows.

It is a comparatively simple matter to dress little children in pretty, becoming gowns; but after the reign of gamp waists and Empire frocks has passed and the awkward period between 10 and 16 begins, girls' clothes are a puzzling uncertainty in consequence of a little habit they have of growing out of them. Because they are tall, undeveloped and difficult to deal with in the matter of dress, mothers often make the mistake of dressing them too old, copying too closely their own style of gowns, which serves to make their imperfections more noticeable. Simple gowns are always prettier and safer, while elaborate costumes and costly materials are never in good taste. Cheviots, mixed tweeds and serges are used for school dresses, and crepons, challies, India silks and crepe de chine for more dressy gowns. Their skirts, except in very thin material, are made with a gored front and side breadths, and two back breadths with a seam in the middle; and are three and a half yards around.

A blue serge dress, trimmed with braid on the skirt and made with a three-quarters jacket opened over a plaid silk blouse vest, is sure to be a successful gown. A dress for girls in their teens is made of blue gray and white cloth; the latter is used for the skirt front and plastron. Brown braiding decorates the skirt panel, and a brown velvet fold divides it in the middle and edges it on either side. The bodice is turned back with lapels of brown velvet, and the belt and side knot are of the same.

A simple gown of plain magenta wool is made with a full bodice and pointed shoulder capes, trimmed with narrow black silk gimp; and a belt and rosettes of black satin ribbon give it a very stylish effect. Another one is of blue crepon, and trimmed on the shoulder drapery with white guipure. The gathered chemisette is of white surah, and the sash and belt of white satin ribbon. A dress of red and brown shot cloth has a bodice and puffs in the sleeves of shot surah. The lower sleeve is of cloth, trimmed with bands of red satin ribbon, covered with string-colored lace, and the waist band is of the ribbon, tied in two rosette bows.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Floating Island.—One quart of milk, yolks of five eggs and whites of seven (two for the meringue), six tablespoons sugar, vanilla flavoring—one teaspoonful to the pint. Heat the milk almost to boiling; beat the yolks light and stir in the sugar. Add the milk as follows: Take the milk from the fire, and, instead of pouring the beaten eggs in it, put a spoonful or two of the milk to them, beating well all the while, adding more and more milk as you mix, until there is no longer any danger of sudden curdling; stir in five whites whipped stiff, return to the fire and stir until thick, but not until it breaks. Season it with vanilla; pour into glass cups, whip the whites of two eggs to a meringue with a heaping tablespoon of powdered sugar, and when the custard is cold pile a little of this upon the top of each cup. You may lay a preserved strawberry, or cherry, or a bit of melon sweetmeat or a little bright jelly upon each.

Brown Sauce.—To make brown sauce put one tablespoonful and a half of butter in the frying pan and on the fire. When the butter gets hot and begins to turn brown, add a generous tablespoonful of flour and stir until the flour turns brown. Now draw the pan to the back part of the stove and stir until the mixture cools slightly; then add half a pint of stock, pouring it in gradually and, stirring all the while. Place the pan on the hot part of the stove and stir the sauce until it begins to boil. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and about one-fifth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Simmer for about five minutes.

Grape Wine.—Crush 20 pounds of grapes thoroughly; put them in a wooden tub; pour over them six quarts of boiling water. Let them stand three or four days, stirring them three or four times each day. Strain and add ten pounds of sugar. Then put all into a cask. The cask must be full. Put a funnel in the bung until fermentation ceases. Then bung up close. The wine should be bottled in February. Seventy-five pounds of grapes will make ten gallons of wine. If a sour wine be preferred, the portion of sugar may be lessened.

Washington Pie.—One cup of butter and two cups of sugar beaten to a cream, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three cups of flour, five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, flavor with lemon. Bake in jelly cake tins. When cold lay one on a plate and spread over it a thick layer of currant jelly or grape jelly, then cover it with another cake and another layer of jelly; sprinkle the top of the third layer of cake with a little powdered sugar.

Physic.—It is said that the most nauseous physic may be given to children without trouble by previously letting them take a peppermint lozenge, a piece of alum or a bit of orange peel. Many people make the mistake of giving a sweet afterwards to take away the disagreeable taste; it is far better to destroy it in the first instance.

Low, broad vegetable dishes are fashionable. Ribbon decorations, where the handles reproduce twisted ribbons in pale colors, are notably elegant. Oyster stew boxes bulge on one side and are indented on the other.

Solid colors in turquoise and Limoges blue, rich dark green with a wide rim of gold, du Barri pink and apple green are fashionable. Ornamental bands are delicately engraved with small designs.

Salad sets are in the form of geranium leaves in clouded brown, shaded into brilliant autumn-leaf coverings and overlaid with sprays of pink or scarlet flowers.

Finger bowls are veritable articles of luxury. They are of opalescent or rainbow glass, fine colored Bohemian or delicately ornamented in gold.

Both goblets and tumblers are used; cut and engraved glass with the gilded French baccarat are all in vogue; wine glasses match in style.

Among pretty odds and ends are little plates for bread and butter, bone dishes in half-moon shapes, asparagus plates, etc.

Coffee cups are of the low English pattern or high and slender set upon a gilded filigree base.

Corn sets consists of long, slender platters, with plates to match, in an Indian corn pattern.

Salad bowls either match the service or are of cut or silver-rimmed Bohemian glass.

Low shapes prevail in fruit dishes. They are of filigree silver or painted porcelain.

Bouillon cups of crystal or porcelain are low and flat, with fluted covers.

English chop dishes are round, instead of the usual oval shape.

Celery dishes are low and flat and are of cut glass.

A cough needs quick and effective treatment, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup furnishes this.

GOOD-NATURED.—Be good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint, and no powders. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily-white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep. For when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the features you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye; you see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of a heartfelt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearances. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than "apples of gold set in silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away; silver will tarnish in time; and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature never deteriorates in worth—never loses its hold upon the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, and always in season. Everybody admires it. Everybody praises it. Everybody is in love with it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire, and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds, in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search; and when found merits protection.

A COUNTRY physician tells the following good story of his early struggles in his profession: "I insinuated to a reverend friend how advantageous it would be to me if he would notice my being called occasionally out of church; and he did. Dr. Grosgrain, my chief competitor, also insisted on receiving clerical attention. The next Sunday a boy came running into the church and whispered to my opponent, who left immediately. The pastor, who was about to begin his sermon, hesitated, and then said: "'Brethren, let us pray for a sick man is in great danger—Dr. Grosgrain has been called to see him.' This settled the doctor, and left the field to me."

Grains of Gold.

Dead men have no faults.

A broken word can never be mended.

A righteous man needs no monument.

It is a great misfortune to be blind to our own faults.

Try not only to be good, but to be good for something.

It is better to fail in trying to do good than it is not to try.

We cannot do a man a greater wrong than to misjudge him.

If we could know all it would not be so hard to forgive all.

Don't talk about yourself when you want to be interesting.

The first step toward heaven is generally taken on the knees.

Whenever love writes its name, it does it in its own blood.

We are not made rich by what we get, but by what we can't lose.

Stop moderate drinking and we will soon have no drunkards.

The meaner men are the more they want their wives to be angels.

The prayers that are winged with gratitude fly straight to heaven.

Dyed whiskers are like hypocrisy. They never fool but one person.

Get salvation before you wear out your brains in trying to understand it.

Every penny tells.—You can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents. Best liniment in the market.

Femininities.

We cannot do any man a greater wrong than to misjudge him.

May: "Why have you quit using powder? Was it injuring your complexion?" Mollie: "No, but it was ruining Charlie's new coat."

When one's wife follows him out to the hat rack with her hand on his shoulder he inquires involuntarily: "How much do you want, my dear?"

Figg: "What a peculiar man Dunder is. He has a sovereign contempt for anybody who doesn't know as much as he does." Fogg: "I should think he would."

"So you think Charley means to marry you?" "I am sure of it." "Did he say so?" "No; but he asked permission in future to give me only useful presents."

Mrs. Joseph Donnelly, of Evergreen, O., died last week from the effects of rain water which she drank. The water was caught from a roof that had recently been painted with white lead.

The Prussian State Attorney recently pleaded for three months' punishment of a girl of 17 who had spoken disrespectfully of the imperial family. But she was let off with a reprimand, in view of her age.

The beautiful girl from Cincinnati sat with clenched teeth. "My dear," said her mother, "you surprise me. Don't you know you should never" (she lifted up her hands in horror) "eat more than four caramels at once?"

Miss Mary Patterson, who has just died in Boston, where she had been a successful teacher for 25 years, was the first colored woman to receive the degree of M. A. in the United States. She was graduated from Oberlin College in 1862.

During the times of George I. and II., the wedding ring, though placed upon the usual finger at the time of marriage, was sometimes worn on the thumb, in which position it is often seen on the portraits of titled ladies in those days.

The chief distinction between the appearance of the male and the female Japanese, says a contemporary, lies in the hair. The men shave nearly all the head, while the women allow the hair to grow, and even add to it by art when required.

The doctor who pulled the old Ameer of Afghanistan through his late illness is a young lady of Ayrshire, Scotland, Miss L. Hamilton, M. D., who took her medical degree three years ago in Brussels, and practiced in Calcutta before she went to Afghanistan.

"Well, sir," said the vivacious lady to the artist who was painting her portrait, "you haven't finished already, have you? Or has the hour expired?" "Neither, madam," replied the artist; "I am waiting for an opportunity of seeing how your chin looks when in repose."

She: "That couple in front of us—do you think that they are married?" He: "Yes, I am sure they are. They have been married a long time, too." She: "Why, how do you know?" He: "Haven't you noticed that when a pretty girl comes on the stage she always hands him the opera-glasses over right away."

Burglars in Rutherford, N. J., recently fastened a sponge, saturated with chloroform, on the end of a pole and thrust it into the open window of a second story room occupied by two young school teachers. One of the girls was nearly suffocated, but the other girl gave the alarm, and the rascals were driven off with a pistol by the courageous lady of the house.

The conversation turned on the number thirteen, the spilling of salt, knives and forks placed crosswise, and other kinds of superstitions. "You need not laugh at similar beliefs," gravely remarked Tranquillotel. "An uncle of mine at the age of 77 committed the imprudence of going to a dinner at which the guests numbered 13." "And he died that very evening?" "No, but exactly 13 years afterwards."

Masculinities.

Buddhism is represented by about a dozen newspapers.

The population of the islands of Japan numbers 41,000,000.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

No worm or insect is ever found upon the eucalyptus tree or in the earth penetrated by its roots.

The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle; it has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers, nor seeds.

If the Archbishop of Santiago is made a Cardinal, as rumor now says is probable, he will be the first Cardinal in South America.

Roman swords, recovered from tombs, weigh six to ten pounds and battle axes weighed 20, showing the great strength of Roman soldiers.

Ruskin recently remarked to a friend that in two years his time for going to bed and for rising in the morning has not varied fifteen minutes.

Minnie: "What do you understand by the term 'platonic affection?'" Mamie: "It usually means that the young man feels that he cannot afford to marry."

The director of the German theatre at Budapest has begun a civil suit against the King of Saxony for the payment of $1500 owed him by one of the King's officers.

Two men named McLaughlin met casually recently in a San Francisco hotel, and discovered that they were twin brothers, who had not seen each other for 51 years.

A Wilkesbarre man, overcome by the craving for drink and having exhausted all his resources for procuring more rum, emptied the ashes of his wife's first husband out of a silver urn and sold that.

Experiments made in the hygienic institute in the Berlin University have shown that cholera bacilli die more quickly on dry tobacco than on dry glass plates; that they do not multiply, but quickly die, on moist tobacco; and that tobacco-smoke quickly kills them.

When James Freeman Clarke and Dr. Holmes were in college together once they were talking of metaphysics, when Holmes exclaimed: "I tell you, James, what I think metaphysics is like. It is like a man splitting a log. When it is done he has two to split."

Mrs. Comely: "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Stonefence. I hope you will call often." Mr. Stonefence: "You are so kind, Mrs. Comely, I shall take advantage of your kind invitation." Mrs. Comely: "Please do. You are the only man in town of whom my husband is not jealous."

There are, all told, men and women, about 400 missionary workers connected with 16 missionary societies on the Continent of South America, with its population of 37,000,000. This includes ordained and unordained men, missionaries' wives, men and women teachers and lady helpers.

While a gas-well contractor was drilling a well a few days ago at Selma, Ind., the heavy drill, which had penetrated the earth about 120 feet, plunged downward nearly a thousand feet, as far as the rope would permit, into a cavern. At Bluffton, forty miles from Selma, a similar cavern was found recently.

Geronimo, the ferocious Apache chief, who has been confined in military prisons in Florida and Alabama, has behaved himself so well during his captivity of eight years that the War Department will soon issue a general order stating officially that it will be safe to give him and his little band of followers lands near some military reservations and let them go to raising crops.

Humorous.

"Poor fellow! So young, too! Well, sooner or later
We all bid farewell to the pleasures of life.
'Tis but just—" "What! has anything happened to Slater?
Is he dying?" "No! no! but he's taken a wife."

An odd sight—the man with one eye.

Mrs. Yearwed: "I—I wish to look at some babies' shoes." Clerk: "White kid?" Mrs. Yearwed: "Sir!"

Jagwell: "Say, why don't you go to church?" Wigwag: "My wife sings in the choir, and she practices her songs at home."

"It is only natural," said the cheerful idiot, "for musicians to wear long hair. Bars and heavy locks go together, of course."

The boy who will ride about all day on a velocipede considers himself terribly imposed upon if he has to wheel his baby sister three streets.

First convict: "You don't mean to say you've got a watch! What did it cost you?"
Second convict: "Two years."

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Jones? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?" Jones: "Yes; he often asks five and six times a month for it."

Kicksy: "Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?" Mrs. K—: "No, dear; why is it?" Kicksy: "Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday."

Mrs. Earle: "Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?" Mrs. Lamoye: "Yes; you should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them!"

Housekeeper: "Why don't you get work somewhere and settle down?" Tramp: "Well, you see, mum, this 'ere new income tax sort o' takes all the energy out of a feller."

Gentleman: "I thought you were a blind beggar?" Beggar: "That's my lay, guv'nor." "Well, you are not blind now." "Well, sir, can't a poor fellow take a day off occasionally?"

Blackstone, cross-examining witness: "Now remember, sir, that you are on your oath. Are you telling the truth?" Witness: "If I wasn't you wouldn't make such a racket about it."

Visiting foreigner: "Taking it all around, you Americans have a most remarkable respect for the laws of the land." Citizen: "Yes, I guess we do; but you ought to see how we pitch into the men who make them!"

Frouzy Fred: "Wot's de matter, Bill? Yer lookin' blue." Bibulous Bill: "I feels blue, Frouzy; I feels blue. A doctor told me de other day dat I had water on de brain, an' I've been a-tryin ter t'ink ever since how it got dere."

"Lyersby was telling me that he had a dream that an angel appeared and told him that he would go straight to heaven when he died. Now, what do you think of that?" "Oh, that's just like him—he couldn't even dream the truth."

Wife: "Who was that man who just called?" Husband: "Oh, one of my tenants who came to pay his rent." Wife: "Didn't he pay?" Husband: "Yes." Wife: "Then why do you look so gloomy?" Husband: "He didn't say a word about wanting a new range, or new wall paper, or anything else." Wife: "What of it?" Husband: "That is a sure sign that he is going to move."

The merchant was notoriously close, and his clerks were not fond of him. One day he called one of the best of them into his private office. "Charles, what would you do if I were to double your salary?" he asked slowly. "Fall dead on the spot," exclaimed the clerk. The old man's face reddened as he said, "Well, I do not wish to be a murderer, so we shall let it remain at the old figure." And Charles went out and asked the porter to hit him a whack on the back with a dray pin.

VANITY'S DEBT TO INVENTION.

Vanity furnishes the inspiration for many of the inventions shown at the Patent Office. One of the latest of this sort is a mask of very thin rubber, designed to be worn on the face at night. It causes profuse perspiration, which washes impurities out of the skin and makes the complexion clearer. Sun-tan is quickly removed so, it is claimed.

Another device, for producing dimples, is a woman's idea. It is a wire mask, likewise to be put on when going to bed. By an arrangement of screws, pencils of wood, very blunt, are made to press upon the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired. Uncomfortable? Why, of course. But, as the French say, it is worth the while to suffer for beauty's sake.

Inventions are on record at the Patent Office for supplying pretty nearly every part of the female form divine. Though a woman may have no more figure than a broomstick, she can be transformed into a veritable Juno, so far as outward appearance is concerned, by means of these devices.

False busts, hips, and calves are made of rubber, to be blown out like balloons, and in many other styles, while the young lady of build hopelessly skeletonesque may procure a complete stuffed jacket which fills out her form at every point to the requisite for counterfeiting desirable embonpoint.

If one is so unfortunate as to lack a nose he can obtain a false one of papier mache artfully enamelled to imitate the skin. One kind of imitation proboscis is attached to a spectacle frame, so that the owner puts on his counterfeit nasal organ in adjusting his glasses. Yet another style is intended to be painted at intervals. When it gets shabby the wearer has merely to go to some capable artist and have it touched up with water colors.

Masculine vanity is concerned in the genesis of about eighty patents for various kinds of mustache guards. Some of these contrivances take the form of metal attachments for the cup or glass. One such is a gold plate with a spring, which may be fastened to any drinking vessel at a moment's notice. Another is specially designed for beer glasses. A tube connected with it goes deep into the beer, so that the mustached drinker is able to avoid the foam. Similar devices are applied to spoons.

Other guards are destined to be worn like spectacles somewhat, with wires to pass to the back of the ears of the wearer and hold them on. The shield for the mustache is of gold or silver, or of fine gold wire net. More simple is a pair of wire springs in the shape of a helix, one of which is made to encircle each wing of the hirsute ornament, keeping it away from the mouth.

NEVER AGAIN.—In W. R. Le Fanu's "Seventy Years of Irish Life" is a reference to the visit of George IV to Ireland in 1821, which was enlivened, as much as a state visit may be, by the following incident:

The King entered Dublin in an open carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses and attended by a number of grooms and footmen in magnificent liveries. He was in military uniform, and constantly took off his hat, smiling and bowing to the people, who enthusiastically cheered him. At one point a man close to the carriage stretched out his hand to the king and said:

"Shake hands, your majesty!"

The king shook hands heartily. The man waved his hand and called out:

"Begorra, I'll never wash that hand again!"

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Recent Book Issues.

Among the attractive contents of "The Popular Science Monthly," for December are "Athletics for City Girls," "Responsibility in Crime from the Medical Standpoint," illustrated; "The Need of Educated Men," "The University as a Scientific Workshop," "Pithecoid Man," illustrated; "Studies of Childhood," "The Child's Thoughts About Nature," "The Economic Theory of Woman's Dress," "Shinto, the Old Religion of Japan," "The Ancient Outlet of Lake Michigan," "The Chemistry of Sleep," "The Geology of Natural Scenery,," and other articles. Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

The complete novel in the December "Lippincott" is "Mrs. Hallam's Companion," by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. Another novelette "A Creed of Manners" is by E. F. Benson. The list of contributors generally is a fine one and the matter of a very entertaining character. Published in this city.

The Christmas number of "St. Nicholas" is a veritable treasury of good pictures and reading matter. The child who can look forward to the regular monthly visit of a series of issues like it has indeed reason to be pleased. Between stories, poems, jingles and departments, the interest of one page is only exceeded by that next to it. Published by the Century Company, New York.

A Chapter on Love.—Does love dwell mostly in cities or in villages? amid the din of bustling streets, or in the quiet seclusion of rural groves? It would be difficult, very difficult to say; for there is no place under heaven into which, at times, his holy and all-pervading influence hath not entered. Persons and places have alike received him; he has lived contentedly in the waste wilderness, and displayed unwearying devotion in the darkest nooks of over-populous towns—but, surely, his favorite haunts are peaceful hamlets, hidden in verdant valleys, far from the noise and bustle of business or state. There, in lonely walks by clear moonlight, under the shadow of green trees, while the nightingales are warbling melodiously, should lovers' vows be sealed, with no other witnesses than their own hearts and the ever-watching stars. Yet, suitable as such pleasant wanderings are to Love, in these his chosen retreats, there are many other scenes where his pure flame may be kindled, and the soft impeachment owned; and doubtless, often, when engaged together amongst the fresh hay—shaking it out in warm sunbeams, or finally gathering in the fragrant crops—village youths have, faltering, whispered those sentiments, which spoken words are scarce eloquent enough to express, and written ones can never embody, while bashful maidens have acknowledged a passion destined hereafter to prove the blessing or bane of their existence.

The Fountain Tree.—Mr. Duchare recently made known to the French Academy of Sciences the results of an experiment made by Mr. Maxime Lecompte in Congo upon a tree of the genus Musenga. Upon making incisions in the trunk of it and placing a pail at the foot of the tree more than 10 quarts of pure water collected in 13 hours. The gorillas, it seems, are in the habit of slaking their thirst at these hidden fountains, and regulate the flow of liquid at will by pulling off different-sized branches. Many years ago Dr. Wallich found in the province of Martaban, Africa, a plant belonging to the same natural order, whose soft and porous wood discharged, when wounded, a very large quantity of a pure and tasteless fluid, which was quite wholesome, and was used as a beverage by the natives. This plant was named by Dr. Wallich the water vine, and has been placed in the genus Phytocrene, which signifies "plant fountain." These plants form a remarkable exception to the usual character of the order, which embraces species that produce a milky juice, such, for example, as the celebrated cow tree, or Palo de vaca, of South America, which yields a copious supply of a rich and wholesome milk, as good as that of the cow, and used for the same purposes.

All Against the Schoolmaster.—The ways of the schoolmaster in Montillana, Province of Granada, Spain, are hard. The schoolhouse in this particular placed is used as a granary during the summer vacation. A few days ago the schoolmaster wished to begin his instruction again, and wrote letters to the villagers who owned the grain in the building, asking politely that they remove it. The answer was unexpected. The peasants, angry at the "assumption" of the fellow, stormed his house, pulled him out into the street and beat him badly. The excitement soon extended to all the people in the hamlet, and a large mob of howling men women and children gathered about the house of the Mayor. This doughty ruler brought order out of chaos by ordering two of his servants to chase the schoolmaster out of town! He will not teach the young idea how to shoot in Montillana this winter.

Goodness and Wickedness.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this state of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one."

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.37, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 8.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 8.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

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SAPOLIO makes his accoutrements shine.

B starts words like Buffalo;
What starts dirt?—SAPOLIO.

C is for Can, free from tarnish or smell,
SAPOLIO sends them away like a spell.

D is for Dirt, an exile now
Since SAPOLIO made its bow.

E is for England, she governs the seas,
You see old Britannia down on her knees.

F is for Force where one's eyes will
SAPOLIO'S aims, if the focus is

G is for Girls, fond over fickle
SAPOLIO pearlines for elevating the stick.

H is for House, as clean as a pin,
SAPOLIO cleaned it without and within.

I is for Interpret, once black on the floor,
SAPOLIO comes and the spot is no more.

J is for Jane, who makes an old Spoon
By the use of SAPOLIO shine like the moon.

K for Knives, all women know
What cleans them best—SAPOLIO.

L for Labor, quickly done
If with SAPOLIO'S aid begun.

M is for Mirth, 'tis good to know
Work is fun with SAPOLIO.

N is for Navy, there station of the tar
By the use of SAPOLIO match afar.

O is for Oilcloth, indeed it is true
A little SAPOLIO will make it look new.

P is for Painted-work fingers may stain,
But SAPOLIO brings back its fresh pearliness again.

Q is the Queen who has all her tins
Made bright with Sapolio as a row of new pins.

R is for Rust, which settles to
Use SAPOLIO quickly, 'twill drive

S stands for SAPOLIO in Autumn or Spring
For Housecleaning does exactly the thing.

T is for Table, though black be its board,
When cleaned with Sapolio it's fit for a Lord.

1 day in early spring of year
When homes are cleaned both far and near,
2 Maidens met, their looks would say
That one was grave, the other gay.
3 weeks said one, I've worked to clean
The master's house, where I here been.
4 kinds of horrid cleaning stuff
I've used and still I've not enough.
5 hours each day on wall and floor
I've worked, until I'm sick and sore.

6 years of service I've seen Kate,
The other maiden then did state.
7 days each week in all that time
I've used but one to clean and shine.
8 other girls, too, I know
Use nothing but SAPOLIO.
9 years of which one year does me,
Although I use it very free.
10 times the labor you'll will save,
And you'll look gay instead of grave.

U is the Urn that Aunt Jane made so bright
With Sapolio's aid, that she needed no light.

V is for Village, and in all the show
You should find SAPOLIO as plenty

W is for Women, who soon know
Where they can buy SAPOLIO.

X is for "Dirt cried on the street
to me: "SAPOLIO can't be beat."

Y is for Youngster, who calls all the police,
But SAPOLIO removes every complaint.

Z is the Zenith, where SAPOLIO
Send of gladness & light to all people

SAPOLIO Is a solid, handsome cake of Scouring Soap.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

There is but one **SAPOLIO**